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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

BY the time these lines are in print, the buses will be on the streets of London again and, bar accidents, the threatened national strike in the coalfields will have been called off. A provisional agreement for the amalgamation of the Notts Miners' Association and the Spencer Union was reached on Wednesday, and it is expected that this will be ratified by a national delegate conference, which is meeting as we go to press. The end of the bus strike was clearly foreshadowed early in the week, when the Executive of the Transport Workers' Union announced its decision to supersede the Busmen's Committee and to take full control itself.

Mr. Bevin and the Busmen

It was no secret that Mr. Bevin and his colleagues were at loggerheads with the Busmen's Committee, that they were strongly opposed to bringing out the tram and trolley-bus men, and favoured a resumption of work and negotiations on the basis of the Court of Inquiry's report. They have indeed declared that in their view the result of the Inquiry was a 75 to 80 per cent. victory for the busmen. That view, optimistic as it looks, may be right; it is impossible for outsiders to pass a confident judgment on all the nice points at issue. In any case, it has been pretty clear for some time past that the busmen had more to lose than to gain by the continuance of the strike. They had from the start the sympathy of the great mass of the public, and, despite the inconvenience and hardship to which Londoners have been put for nearly four weeks, they have not lost that sympathy. They ought to have an easing of strain through shorter hours and rearrangement of duties—and we believe that they will get this, though they may have to exercise patience for a while till a further inquiry has substantiated some of their claims. If and when their claims are fully substantiated, the crucial question of the cost of meeting them will have to be faced. There ought to be no question of making the travelling public pay in order to save the stockholders' profits.

The N.D.C. Rumpus

The Finance Bill is clearly destined to have a stormy passage. For reasons which "Dives" sets forth in our City page, the minor modifications that Mr. Chamberlain has made in the original rough draft of N.D.C. have

failed completely to allay the wrath of Big Business. In its revised form the tax abandons all pretence of mulcting the beneficiaries of armament contracts. Indeed, the big munitions manufacturers will apparently get off lightly. The levy, as defined in the Finance Bill, is a cumbrous and expensive fiscal weapon directed, with unfair discrimination, against efficient and progressive concerns and falling most heavily on enterprises which emerged late from the depression and can therefore least afford an additional tax burden. It is noteworthy that criticism of N.D.C. is by no means confined to Die-hard Tory circles. So " progressive " an economist as Sir Arthur Salter has condemned its uncertainties and administrative complications. He makes the sensible suggestion that profits assessable to N.D.C. should be calculated exactly as for income-tax purposes; that a surcharge of so much per cent. should be levied on excess earnings above those of the standard years; and that in no case should income-tax and surcharge together exceed a fixed percentage of total profits. It seems doubtful whether the Government will agree to such a radical amendment of the scheme, but the new occupant of No. 11 will have no light task in refuting hostile criticism from his Party's disgruntled supporters.

The War in Spain

We publish this week two articles on Spain. The first, by Dr. Richard Ellis, one of the doctors who helped in the bringing of 4,000 Basque children to Southampton, gives a first-hand account of a most happy and creditable piece of humanitarian organisation. In this enterprise the Labour and Trade Union movement has worked in full co-operation with the National Joint Committee for Spanish relief. The Home Office, for some unexplained reason, long adopted a persistently obstructive attitude, but its opposition was finally overcome, and Sir John and Lady Simon went to Southampton and had their photographs taken among the children. We also publish a second article by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, whose analysis of the Spanish situation confirms the general doubts of anything useful coming from the " truce " proposals which the British Government is so assiduously pushing. No doubt the withdrawal of all foreign volunteers is a logical and proper way of carrying out the policy of non-intervention. But the practical difficulties, even if all the Governments concerned agreed to it, are obvious and immense. And what are the chances of all the Governments agreeing? Both Valencia and the rebels have already expressed their objections to the proposed truce, and General Franco couples with his " no " a ferocious threat. It must be, he declares, unconditional surrender or war without quarter. Mr. Winston Churchill, who sees the difficulties, has a suggestion of his own. " The combatants," he says, " should be separated by the Concert of Europe, and a regime which is neither Bolshevik nor Nazi set up until the Spanish people can regain their natural poise." A splendid idea! But what precisely is " the Concert of Europe " which is to carry out this heroic and altruistic task?

Business at Geneva

The Council of the League of Nations is now holding its ninety-seventh session. Nobody, in these days when the League is but a shadow of its former self, expects anything of practical importance to come out of its deliberations. The admission of Egypt to membership will be universally welcomed, as will the settlement of the Franco-Turkish dispute over the sanjak of Alexandretta. But other awkward problems have been shelved. Danzig does not appear on the agenda, and Abyssinia—at the pressing advice of the Great Powers who betrayed her—has decided to send no delegation to plead her lost cause. Efforts to keep the Spanish Government's mouth shut have been less successful. Señor del Vayo is producing a White Book on the subject of Italian aid to the rebels in the civil war. He has a similar dossier on German intervention; but this, it seems, will not be laid before the Council—in the hope that, if Mussolini is shown as the principal villain, Hitler may be encouraged in his supposed desire to withdraw. The case against Italy is, of course, pretty well known, but there will be publicity value in putting it before the world at Geneva. Señor del Vayo may also protest (though probably without effect) against the holding up by the French authorities of aeroplanes sent from Eastern Spain to Bilbao and compelled on their way to come down for refuelling on the north side of the Pyrenees.

The Empire Bargain

So much has been said about the Coronation spirit in which the Imperial Conference is meeting that the public is scarcely aware of the real issues under debate. Britain wishes the Dominions to co-operate financially and materially in the rearmament of the Empire; the Dominions aware that this means that they will be involved in a war sooner or later have something to say about the foreign policy which necessitates the rearmament. Not all the members of the Conference were satisfied with the exposition of foreign policy which Mr. Eden delivered for their benefit before leaving for Geneva, nor with Sir Thomas Inskip's account of the needs of Imperial Defence. Canada, in the American orbit, remains aloof in any case; but Australia and New Zealand have much to say about British policy towards Japan in the Far East, and South Africa is deeply concerned with Mussolini's challenge to British Imperialism in Africa and with British complacency in the Abyssinian and Spanish wars. The effect has been the loss of control of the Mediterranean and the necessity of new plans for fortifying the Cape route to India. In general the Dominions are more troubled about Mussolini than about Hitler, and the Conference is likely to make Britain rather less complaisant to Mussolini. If this means a tougher attitude in the Spanish struggle so much the better. The danger is that it may mean continued toleration of Mussolini in Spain and preparations for an imperial war in the future.

The President and the Court

The Supreme Court continues, as if with deliberate intent, to take the wind out of Mr. Roosevelt's reforming sails. By the now conventional majority of five votes to four it has upheld the Social Security Act, thereby relieving the Administration of the need to impose alternative taxes in place of the billion dollar yield from the S.S.A.'s 1 per cent. levy on pay-rolls. By seven votes to two it has also validated the old age pension scheme which the Act embodies. Reports from Washington, however, suggest that the President is in no mood to

abandon his scheme for liberalising the Court simply because in a few important instances it has produced verdicts in favour of the New Deal. His message to Congress declares that " the time has come to take further action to extend the frontiers of social progress." The first fruits are an Hours and Wages Bill, providing for the establishment of a Labour Standards Board, the prohibition of the labour of persons under 16, and penalties against the use of strike-breakers. A 40-hour week and 40 cents minimum pay per hour are apparently contemplated by the Administration, though it is not yet clear whether these provisions will be " written into " the Act, or left for the Standards Board to enforce.

The U.S. Labour Front

It remains to be seen how far it will be possible to apply to the whole of the States, without hampering and vexatious rigidity, the standardising conceptions of the Hours and Wages Bill. In the meantime, however, Mr. John L. Lewis is teaching American labour, with some success, that " God helps those who help themselves." One of the five leading " independent " steel producers, Crucible Steel, has capitulated and signed a contract with the Steel Workers' Organising Committee. The remaining four—Bethlehem, Republic, Inland Steel and Youngstown Sheet—are still ostensibly adamant, but their resistance seems likely to be weakened by Crucible's breach in their ranks, and the Government is known to be considering the invocation of the Wagner Act against them. On another sector of the front, the C.I.O. has begun a campaign against the Ford Motor Company, 10,000 of whose 150,000 employees it claims to have already enrolled. The Union demand is not merely for collective bargaining recognition but for a minimum daily wage of 8 dollars. Detroit seems likely to witness a bonny fight, and if the Hours and Wages Bill can secure a swift enough passage, its provisions against strike-breaking may be of immediate value in relation to Fordism.

Mr. Runciman Again Says No

The debate in the House of Commons on Tuesday on the Board of Trade vote was of special importance. Although it centred largely round the question of an Anglo-American commercial agreement, the issues at stake were wider. Here again Sir Arthur Salter, was to the point; he stressed the importance of bringing Canada into any trading agreement between Great Britain and the United States; but he also urged the necessity for re-establishing the open door in British colonial territories as the best way of dealing with the grievances of the " have-nots," and modifying the operation of the Most Favoured Nation Clause in order to further, instead of obstructing, the creation of low-tariff areas. In the ensuing debate, after Sir Henry Page-Croft had made his usual speech in support of imperialist protection *à outrance*, Mr. Runciman made his habitual unhelpful reply. He was all in favour of an Anglo-American agreement; but it must depend on details, and the details were very difficult. As for the open door in the Empire, it would leave Great Britain defenceless against competition from low-wage areas. As for the Ouchy Agreement and other low-tariff projects among neighbours, Mr. Runciman was unrepentant. To allow Holland and Belgium to make a low-tariff agreement would have prejudiced British trade.

The Milk Monopolist's Protest

That the Milk Marketing Board is hostile to the proposals of the Milk Reorganisation Commission goes without saying. For the Board represents the producers exclusively, and is in effect a chartered profit-making cartel; whereas the Commission was an impartial body, appointed to review the position from the standpoint of the whole community. Thus, when the Commission proposes that the Board should be made subject to an impartial authority entitled to control prices and to organise production, the Board naturally retorts that " such a step is in complete negation of the principles embodied in the Agricultural Marketing Acts, by which control, with adequate statutory safeguards, is vested in primary producers of agricultural commodities." Apart from the phrase about " adequate statutory safeguards," the present position could not be more plainly stated. But, to our mind, the moral is, not that the Reorganisation Commission is in the wrong, but that the Acts as they stand are on totally unsatisfactory lines. This view is confirmed by the Board's judgment on the rest of the Commission's proposals. The Board is determined to maintain fixed prices against the consumers, to whom it denies representation, to secure a " levy-subsidy," (i.e. a protective tariff) on imports of dairy produce, to resist any control over the areas of production, and so on to the end of the chapter. The Marketing Acts have given the monopolists a powerful line of defences in the consumers' country; and it is plain they do not mean to surrender an inch except under pressure of superior force.

Homework for Schoolchildren

Many hard things have been said about homework for schoolchildren—some, but not all, of them just. It is not necessarily bad for a boy or girl to study in the home instead of, or as well as, in the classroom; sometimes, indeed, the work done at home may be more valuable. It largely depends on the total number of hours worked, and also on the age of the child. And, of course, it has to be borne in mind that education, in the full sense of the word, does not consist entirely in concentration on text-books. But while the system of homework within proper limits may be justified, it can be, and is, abused, and the criticisms and proposals of the Board of Education's report, " Homework " (*H.M. Stationery Office*, 1*s.* 3*d.*), will be read with interest and approval, we think, by most sensible parents and teachers. The inspectors who have compiled this report after a comprehensive investigation recommend that there should be no homework for elementary schoolchildren under 12, not more than 1 hour a day for those between 12 and 14, or 1½ hours for those between 14 and 16. This is a drastic limitation, and doubtless some parents will demur to it. For it is often the parents who demand homework, and more of it, in their eagerness for the children to do well in their examinations and to get scholarships or places in the secondary schools. The examination system, or systems, for there are more than one, constitute another and even bigger problem, of which no solution, we fear, is yet in sight.

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THE APOTHEOSIS OF MR. BALDWIN

LOOKING back from the unfair advantage of the future, the historian of England is likely to regard 1937 as significant, quite as much for the apotheosis of Mr. Baldwin as for the Coronation of George VI. Mr. Baldwin has wisely chosen his moment of retirement. Discreetly in the background during the Coronation itself, a feudal and religious ceremony in which no commoner, however distinguished, can compete with bishops and peers, Mr. Baldwin was yet to the discerning eye the central figure. Had it not been for the Premier another king would have been crowned—and perhaps another queen. But in that case, would the crowds have cheered? Would the Crown have stood as it does stand to-day, once again above criticism, and established in the hearts of the British people? No one will openly acclaim Mr. Baldwin as king-maker, but many will whisper that he has saved the British monarchy.

Externally his success is unquestionable. He is retiring, as he has done most things since his accession to power fourteen years ago, with dignity and distinction. He has avoided the mistake, common among public men, of indulging in an excessive political longevity; he is wise enough to retire at the height of his achievement. Mr. Gladstone announced his final retirement in 1872; he lived to be twice again Prime Minister, to split his party and to die an object of detestation as well as awe to younger men who for twenty years had kicked against his domination. As for Mr. Lloyd George, how much less controversial would his position in history be if his retirement had been as voluntary and well-timed as Mr. Baldwin's! No, Mr. Baldwin declared that he would stand by Mr. MacDonald until the National Government had weathered the economic storm; he has kept his promise and now, still in Mr. MacDonald's company, he gracefully steps down from the seat of power, presumably prepared for a peaceful life with his pigs in Worcestershire, occasionally varied by an excursion to the House of Lords. As an elder statesman he may now look back with some complacency on his own achievement. His enemies to the Right as well as to the Left are confounded; his Party maintains its overwhelming majority, its political coherence and basic unity; capitalism once more seems capable of surmounting its difficulties, the tariff policy which he has always stood for may well seem justified by results, and England, with the strike wave checked at its outset, giving the appearance, at least in comparison with some other countries, of a green and pleasant land, of a gem set in the silver sea.

Mr. Baldwin owes his success partly to luck and partly to character. He slipped into the leadership of the Conservative Party because Lord Curzon was a member of the House of Lords, and because he had made a prominent place for himself so recently—he was almost unknown a year before he became Premier—that he had not yet had time to make anyone jealous of him. He was cut out for the leadership of the Conservative Party. A progressive party needs a challenging, doughty fighter, a Gladstone or a Lloyd George, but a Conservative party does best when it is led by a man of mediocre intellectual ability and outstanding shrewdness in the management of men and the appeasement of faction. Mr. Baldwin had these qualities. Solid, easy-going, uninterested in reading a document and apparently incapable of taking trouble about anything, he yet ruled because he divided the Party least, and because after Mr. Lloyd George's wizardry a reputation for simplicity and honesty was worth millions of votes. The simplicity, however, was a delusion—whatever we may think of the honesty. A remarkable combination was here; a shrewd business man trusted by bankers and coal-owners and a sentimental orator who remembered that he was the descendant of George Macdonald as well as a relative of Kipling and Burne-Jones. Mr. Lloyd George himself is not a more subtle blend of incompatibilities. In practice Mr. Baldwin exactly suited the role assigned to him, because his speeches, with their vaguely poetic flavour and their literary allusions, were nicely calculated to soothe the conscience and distract attention from actions which, under another Prime Minister, might have been attributed to hard-faced business men.

This capacity for enshrining a philosophy of goodwill between classes and nations in sentences which are individually commonplace, but which when strung together prove effective enough, has been frequently useful to Mr. Baldwin and his party during the last fourteen years. He displayed this gift pre-eminently in 1926 after the General Strike, when the most famous of all his "peace in industry" speeches was the precursor of the Trade Disputes Act, which in its original conception amounted to a declaration of war on the working classes of this country, and which in its final form was nicely designed to weaken their power. It is a pleasant feature of his speeches on such occasions that, when he has done, everyone feels that the Premier is on his side. A few days ago he appealed for a settlement in the mining industry—and a settlement has been reached for the moment. But it was a remarkable fact that the newspapers the morning after his speech interpreted it in exactly opposite ways, the press of the Right assuming that it was a warning to the Miners' Federation, and the press of the Left taking it to be an appeal to the mine-owners. A similar vagueness is to be found in most of Mr. Baldwin's great public utterances. We defy anyone to study his farewell appeal to Youth and to assign to it any concrete significance. Youth is to do something and democracy is to be saved. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to ask the preacher of so good a sermon to say what youth is to do or of what the democracy consists. The task of definition would be fatal. Starting from the picture of the happy days of his own youth, when personal relationships still existed between master and men, Mr. Baldwin has often deplored the social fissure made by the development of mass production. The Premier's own account of this change precludes him from believing that this social cleavage can be salved by an appeal to democracy, even when advanced in beautiful language and a fine mellow voice. Such speeches make no difference in action and the easing of the social atmosphere is cheap at the price.

If Mr. Baldwin is not able to deceive himself into thinking that there is real peace in industry, he is certainly less capable of the illusion that we are advancing towards that peace in Europe for which he has so often appealed. Indeed, he retires at a moment when he and his Party have committed England to that very policy whose

horror and futility he has himself most movingly described. Mr. Baldwin shares none of the illusions that rearmament makes us safe. The bomber, he has told us, will always get through, and the result of the bombing of great cities will be general ruin and revolution in every country. Unable to understand the new idea of the League, Mr. Baldwin's Government has made a farce and by-word of "collective security," and brought this country into an isolation and a general distrust—not least manifest in the Dominions—with no concrete policy save a rearmament programme such as the wildest militarist had never dared to pray for. Once again Mr. Baldwin, the pleasant apostle of a simple, unaggressive and democratic England, distinguished for its humanity and freedom, stands at the head of an Imperialist Party which has proved singularly indifferent to the democratic cause in Europe, and which has now embarked on a morally and politically ruinous competition in armaments. Crowned at the summit of his career, Mr. Baldwin the peacemaker is most loudly cheered by the gamblers in death.

Historically it is surely a strange role this of Mr. Baldwin's—to stand as the responsible head of a Party which is doing all the things that as an individual he condemns; to win a reputation for honesty because he honestly warns us against the danger and futility of a policy which he then proceeds to persuade us to adopt on the comfortable understanding that it must be safe and good to follow so honest and straightforward a leader.

BILBAO AND BACK

FOUR of us stepped from the plane in a light drizzle, and for the first time heard ourselves described as the "English Medical Mission." A ragged boy of 15 or 16, wearing blue dungarees and a grey forage cap, was leaning against the shed smoking a cigarette and trailing a rifle nearly as big as himself. He nodded to us, and showed us the dark cave behind the hangar, built of sandbags and scrap iron, and covered with turfs. It was the first "refugio" or bomb-shelter we had seen, and was doubtless as much and as little bomb-proof as most of the others. "You'll soon learn the tricks," he added encouragingly, "One siren means the planes are sighted, two's danger, and three they're right overhead." A government car arrived, and we drove off through straggling suburbs, pocked here and there with ruins. Groups of women were filling sandbags, and everywhere there seemed to be children.

We wondered which of them had been chosen for the "Expedicion a Inglaterra." The car swung into the square before the Presidencia, where the magnificent lounging sentries in their blue uniforms and scarlet berets gave the only touch of *opéra bouffe* in the desolate crowded town. At the next corner stood the largest and most popular refugio, and on the pavement all around it women and small children sat waiting for the next siren to sound.

We learned from Mrs. Manning that the medical examination of the children had been planned to start the following day. We took the opportunity of visiting what had been the Civil Hospital, and it was perhaps the best introduction to Bilbao we could have had. Clearly under normal circumstances an up-to-date and well-run institution, it was working against impossible odds. It was bankrupt of equipment, dressings, and drugs. The X-ray apparatus was useless for want of one small part. In the casualty department, fractures were being set, and even a smashed pelvis and sacrum probed for bullets, without anaesthesia. For there were no anaesthetics to be had. Whilst we were there a little boy of five was brought in from a neighbouring village with eight machine-gun wounds in his belly. He died a few minutes later. It was a relief to move on to one of the several homes for the orphans of militiamen which have been set up by the Assistencia Social, the ministry concerned with the overwhelming problem of refugees. The director pointed with pride to where a bomb (fortunately a dud) had gone through the house from ceiling to cellar the day the children were moving in. At the sudden sound of the siren, the house and garden cleared as though by magic, the children trooping down to the refugio in the cellar, whilst the older boys carried down some of the smallest, who were in the middle of being bathed. A little girl explained the difference between the dull sound of the bombs and the higher-pitched popping of the anti-aircraft guns.

Next day we were to learn the difficulties of any consecutive work. We had hardly got a group of children stripped to the waist and begun examining them when the sirens sounded and the children scattered. It was forty minutes before we could begin again, and when this had happened four times in quick succession, there were no children—and no morning—left. It was finally found necessary to work during the day in a garden immediately outside a refugio so that the children could be promptly reassembled, and to continue the examinations until the small hours of the morning. It says not a little, both for the Basque child and the Basque mother, that even under these circumstances, and often after hours of waiting, there were not a dozen out of the whole four thousand who cried or made any difficulty about having their throats examined!

It was extremely interesting to find that although the children were clearly frightened of the bombardments and were living in an atmosphere of constant anxiety and overcrowding, we did not see any cases of chorea and hardly any examples of "the nervous child" so common in London out-patient clinics. The group as a whole appeared healthy and well cared for, in spite of the loss of weight and moderate malnutrition obvious in most cases. (For many weeks the whole town has been living almost exclusively on rice, beans, and cabbage, often improperly cooked for lack of fuel, with a strict ration of rye bread; fresh vegetables, milk, meat, eggs and butter have of course been practically unobtainable.) It was equally clear, however, that many of the women had starved themselves to supply their children with food, some of them being almost too weak to stand. A few cases of severe starvation amongst the children could be picked out at once by their blank, apathetic faces, slow movements, and huge distended abdomens.

The principal way in which the deficiency of the diet was becoming manifest was in the very high incidence of dental caries (presumably due in part at least to this cause) and in certain skin changes. It was encouraging to feel that the group as a whole was still essentially a healthy one, and that good feeding should return nearly all these children to normal within a comparatively short time. It will of course be on the youngest children, and particularly on the infants born during the blockade, that the appalling deprivation will have its profoundest effect.

The day our examinations were completed, circumstances suddenly made an immediate return to London necessary. The plane was due to leave at 5 o'clock, but at 4 p.m. a heavy bombardment of the aerodrome began, and it was not until two hours later that I could leave. The surface of the field was strewn with earth and stones, and broken with several large pot-holes 15 feet across. A dud which had fallen near the hangar had knocked small holes in the wings of the plane, but caused no further damage. We had a bumpy take-off between the pot-holes and over the scattered rubble. Three Franco planes put out after us, but a detour out to sea left them behind. I travelled as far as Paris with a Basque civil servant who was taking the passport of the German aviator brought down the previous day to the Basque Delegacion. He showed me where it had been issued in Berlin in April, and visaed subsequently at the aerodrome in Rome. By an ironical coincidence we found the only language in which we could conveniently converse was German!

Arriving in London it gave one a curious sense of unreality to find the city flood-lit and the Coronation decorations still flying. However, in sixteen hours the irritations of crowded pavements and deflected traffic were left behind, and I was on the way back to Bilbao. I arrived to find the *Habana* (an old liner owned by the Basque Government, and converted for refugee transport) in the harbour, and the arrangements for embarkation completed. The children were taken down to the ship in trainloads of six hundred, and filtered down to every inch of accommodation in the ship. The partings from their parents made pitifully clear the overwhelming faith that the Basques have in England. Many of the fathers must have known they might not be alive to welcome their children back, and everyone that the future was utterly uncertain.

We passed the breakwater early next morning, accompanied by a Spanish destroyer, a yacht carrying other refugees to France, and two cargo boats; shortly afterwards we were picked up by our British convoy, the *Royal Oak* and a destroyer. As bad luck had it, we found a strong wind and sea in the Bay. The next fifteen hours are best forgotten. Four thousand wretchedly seasick children crowded into an old boat whose very latrines are apt to regurgitate in sympathy, are not a pretty sight. Fortunately by evening they were all falling asleep from sheer exhaustion where they lay. Under the direction of the captain himself (who had filled his own cabin with children), the stewards cleaned the saloons where most of the children were sleeping, and spread sheets over the palliases. We collected sleeping children from all over the ship, picking them off ladders, window sills, and out of baths and laying them under cover. Next morning I was awakened by the sound of thousands of feet on deck, and going out was greeted with cries of "Rubio!" "Hombre!" and asked perhaps five hundred times when we should arrive, and whether they would really get white bread, and butter—and milk—and even meat, in England. Soon the boys were lined up dancing to the sound of a flute, when suddenly the whole ship listed to one side as four thousand children crowded the rails and deck and rigging to wave frantically to a blue strip on the horizon. "Inglaterra! Inglaterra!" I only trusted they would find the welcome there for which they hoped.

RICHARD ELLIS

COMMUNISTS AND ANARCHISTS IN SPAIN.—II.

MAPS of Spain had failed to teach your correspondent what he learned adequately only from long days spent on the road. This peninsula is not a single theatre of war. One must have gazed hour after hour from the coast road towards Teruel and the tangled sierras of Aragon to realise the insurmountable barriers that Nature has erected against military operations. One's limbs ache at the sight of them; one perceives that neither wheels nor feet can conquer them. It is not a single wall of jagged rock, but wall upon wall, tireless parallels of walls, dark, naked, inaccessible. Now on a great, again on a smaller scale this formation repeats itself endlessly. It is easy to understand why Spaniards think in terms of regional rather than national patriotism. Even the failure of the Republic after ten months of civil war to create a satisfactory central command becomes intelligible. In this broken, furrowed landscape a swift decisive campaign is unthinkable. Victory within the snow-capped walls of one amphitheatre settles nothing beyond its barriers, and the defence enjoys great advantages over the attack. This is the reason why Franco has not drawn from the two elements of superiority he enjoyed from the start—a single command and a mass of trained and mobile troops capable of an offensive—the success that would have fallen to him in an easier terrain. One reads the news from Bilbao with growing anxiety, but even if this gallant city can be overwhelmed by German air power it does not follow that the effects will be catastrophic elsewhere. The sierras are still loyal to the Republic.

Without experience or traditions and with a minimum of expert aid, the Republic has made unbelievable progress in building an army. The volunteers of the early days are already veterans who have acquired the latest technique for withstanding tanks and aerial attack. The young conscripts of five classes (ages 21 to 26) are mastering their weapons with a will; the first drafts are already serving with the seasoned troops at the front. Immense half-trained reserves are available for the future, but the lack of arms forbids mass-conscription. The training of officers, many thousands at a time, goes on without interruption; the majority are workers, and it is amazing that their zeal can balance their defects of education. A three months' course has to suffice for the land arms; in six months several hundreds of air pilots have been trained. It may happen that a battalion of conscripts is drilled by sergeants, while the officers who will command it are passing through the military school. Many months must elapse before units raised in this way can become an effective striking force. Though the Republic has to its credit a notable advance on the Cordova Front and the superb counter-offensive at Guadalajara, none of the experienced soldiers whom I met ventured to predict that it will have at its disposal a trained, mobile army capable of a sustained offensive on a great scale before the spring of next year. If this war is fought to a finish, it will be ruinous and prolonged.

Even with the information that one could glean on the spot, the equation was difficult to work out. The control operates with absolute rigidity against the Republic; for arms and munitions it must now depend entirely on its own resources. Ammunition it manufactures with success; but it is not producing even small arms. The rebels are in this respect better situated. Moreover, they are daily receiving new planes, which fly from Germany to Italy and thence by way of Majorca to Spain. The shortage of petrol, coal and wheat makes a continual anxiety. Spain has yet to learn the mechanism of control which the more advanced Powers worked out during the World War, and until she learns it the economic basis of the army will be insecure. Bread, abundant in the villages, would sometimes be wholly lacking for two days together in Madrid; in quantity it was never sufficient. I found myself reflecting that two or three British civil servants with war-time experience might have done more to help the Republic than as many thousands of volunteers. A backward, agricultural country cannot suddenly subject its whole economic life to a clockwork system. The army has come much nearer to doing this than the civilian administration; its commissariat under great difficulties works well. What the workers have done to speed up the output of munitions, trucks and the like is beyond praise. The whole record is one of steady and almost incredible progress.

The chief ground for anxiety lay, however, in the failure to create a central military command. Señor Caballero had doubled the Premiership with the Ministry of War. The burden was too great for an aged man. He knew nothing of war, postponed decisions that called for quick, resolute handling, and relied on the advice of a General Staff composed, by all accounts, of third-rate men trained in the old, easy-going ways. Complacent people would repeat their "technical reasons" why nothing could be done to ease the pressure on Bilbao; they failed to carry conviction. Señor Prieto will bring a new spirit into this vital Ministry. With the air as his province he had already shown foresight, resource and an unusual capacity for organisation. To create an effective central command will not be easy. The man who does it must wrestle first of all with political obstruction, party jealousy and regional pettiness. He must then search, as it were in the dark, for military talent. Finally, he must find his way round those baffling sierras. The choice of Colonel Rojo as Chief of the General Staff is promising, for he was the brain of Madrid's defence.

The character of this war is changing rapidly. From a class-struggle it is turning into a war of independence. The slogans and posters reflect this development. On May Day,

of all days, I heard two leading Socialist orators who devoted the greater part of their lengthy speeches to wholesale denunciation of Germany and Italy; nothing was forgotten from the sinking of the *Lusitania* to the latest atrocity in Abyssinia. Several ingenious posters sought to render visible the grip of international finance upon Spain. A map showed the mines, the electrical plant, the motor works and the like belonging to foreign capital: the names of Morgan, Rothschild, Schneider, Wendel and many more were prominent, and under it ran the caption: "the true reasons for false neutrality." The sense is growing in the mind of the Spanish masses that they are fighting not merely Hitler, Mussolini and their own feudal caste, but the leagued forces of an international money-power. London, they feel, is against them, though London must know that Rome and Berlin have intervened as much to win a monopoly of Spain's minerals as to gain strategical positions. More expert observers draw the same conclusion. On the last evening of my stay in Spain I chanced to meet the Ministers of three Powers of the second rank. All three felt towards the Republic a cautious friendliness. All wished that some international action should be taken to help it. All agreed that nothing could be done save under British leadership. But all three assumed that the British Government is implacably hostile to the Republic. Would that hostility be modified if the Republic were to move to the Right—as in fact it has since done?

British pressure may promote a compromise. What conceivable compromise could end this war I cannot myself imagine, nor did I meet anyone who had anything to suggest. The sober fact, as Señor del Vayo said to me, is that the People's Front Government already represents a compromise. It includes a generous proportion of middle-class Liberals as well as a Basque nominee (and the Basques should be classed as conservative democrats), and their influence has grown since the Cabinet was remodelled. It has taken no steps and contemplated none that point to any general policy of socialisation. It has socialised only industries and estates abandoned by their owners which were essential for the conduct of the war and could be run in no other way. These amount (following an official reckoning supplied to me) only to 20 per cent. of the industry of governmental Spain. Every inquiry that I made (beginning with a talk with the responsible Minister) convinced me that all these measures were provisional, and that the emergency plan in force to-day is regarded only as an experiment, adapted to the necessities of war-time. Frankly and decidedly (for reasons stated in a previous article) the Communist Party has discouraged every avoidable act of socialisation—some, of course, were not avoidable, since fields had to be tilled, and factories kept going. The chief reason lies on the surface. Spain is in the economic sense a colonial country. From the roads and telephones to the mines and the electrical plant every item of its modern equipment has been supplied by imported capital. If a socialist economy were contemplated, the first step would have to be the nationalisation of these foreign concerns, many of them key services. But Spain is too weak and too conscious of her weakness to dream of expropriating foreigners without compensation; yet she is too poor, and too conscious of her poverty, to face the crushing burden of buying them out. That dilemma involves the postponement, even in the event of a Republican triumph, of any general plan of socialisation.

Where, then, is the basis for a compromise? Over socialisation there will be no difficulty, if the People's Front, moving visibly to the Right, with its gaze fixed on London, remains in power. For democracy, in the shape of a parliamentary Republic, it will struggle to the end. But the limits of any conceivable compromise may be stated with more realism. It was Feudalism that challenged the Republic. Its power is based on three old-world institutions—(1) the great landed estates of the grandees in the south and west; (2) the army with its officer caste, that was a system of outdoor relief for the younger sons and poor relations of the gentry; and finally (3) the fabulously wealthy political Church. These are (whatever Hitler and Mussolini may intend) the stakes in this civil war between Spaniards. All the bloodshed, the devastation and the sacrifices will have been in vain, if democracy survives in name only, under the shadow of these three institutions. In other words, the masses will fight on, and if they are beaten will renew the struggle, until the Feudal Power is driven from these strongholds. Freely elected Cortes must have the power to legislate for the solution of the agrarian problem. Secondly, they must have in the social composition of the body of officers a guarantee against future rebellion. The third problem, of the Church, presents the gravest difficulties. This Church had made itself hated and feared. Under what conditions and safeguards the free exercise of the Catholic faith should be restored I will not try to discuss. The Republic would be wise to restore it at once, if only in a few selected churches, as evidence of its intentions. That is, I gathered, the ultimate purpose of all the parties in the People's Front, and the Communist Party in particular made a public pronouncement to this effect two months ago. But none of these parties will again allow a political organisation masquerading as a Church to undermine the Republic.

Friends of peace should understand that on these essentials the Republic cannot yield. If it were to do so, a second civil war would be inevitable. The Valencia Government, since Señor Caballero's departure, is much more moderate than the masses behind it. In the last resort it is the two great federations of Trade Unions, the U.G.T. and C.N.T., that command the masses, and their power extends to the villages as well as the towns. Neither of them is represented in Dr. Negrin's Cabinet; both are critical, and the C.N.T. is hostile. Both are armed and the latter has its fringe of fanatics. The peril of this situation is obvious. Valencia may escape from it by conducting the war with greater energy than Señor Caballero. But it is a grave mistake to suppose that the Republican Ministry is stronger because it has lost its Trade Unionist members. On the contrary, it is farther from the masses, less likely to enjoy their spontaneous confidence and therefore less able to control them.

The time has not arrived when foreign opinion can exert a useful influence in Spain. The suggestion, constantly repeated, of South American mediation is peculiarly mischievous. Latin America, with the exception of Mexico, has been hostile as a whole to the Republic, and several of its Legations in Madrid have been centres of Fascist plotting.

Now, as before, the duty that falls on us is to aid this stricken people by caring for its children and its refugees, and to bring about the withdrawal of the foreign troops that have invaded Spain.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A LONDON DIARY

I JOINED the Army by X.Y.Z.—the name of the second number of *Fact*—is likely to become an historic pamphlet. First, as Mr. Postgate explains in the correspondence columns of this journal, it has met with such strong disapproval from the distributing trade that it can only be obtained by special order. This should do it a lot of good—censorship of this type begets fame. Secondly, it is the subject of a violent attack in a weekly paper which has now, I understand, become an organ of the Conservative Party. The article suggests that *I Joined the Army* is very likely bogus, written perhaps by "Private Douglas Cole or Private Raymond Postgate," and that the author is a "frightful liar." That ought to put the fat in the fire. I have made inquiries about X.Y.Z.—which the other weekly could have done for itself—and I am told that X.Y.Z. is a Mr. Frank Griffin, who served for six years without a "crime" against him, passed three trade tests and a first and a special in education and was discharged from the army as an "Exemplary Character" with the rank of Corporal. Certainly X.Y.Z.'s identity ought to be known—for many reasons. His allegations need investigation. He tells the story, for

instance, of a man who was put in an army prison in the best of health and whom he saw later so knocked about that he had been driven mad. He does not claim to have witnessed the treatment that made the man mad, but he repeats the man's own account of how he was smashed and driven mad. This story should be immediately investigated in the fullest and most public way possible.

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Of all the odd statements made about the British Monarchy in the last few weeks surely the very oddest was in an article in the *Daily Mail* of May 13th. I say the oddest because the author was the Lord Chief Justice, who cannot be accused of ignorance. Lord Hewart stated that the citizens of this country

> know that the King can appoint and dismiss Ministers, that he can dissolve Parliament, and that he can refuse assent to any Bill which Parliament has passed. . . .

Legally, of course, the King does possess these powers, but it is an astonishing thing to find the Lord Chief Justice of England lending the weight of his great authority to a statement that contradicts every constitutional text-book and canon of constitutional law. It is also a useful reminder of one of the possible dangers of monarchy. The royal veto has not been used since Queen Anne. But our most reactionary and unwise politicians talked of its possible revival in the Ulster crisis of 1914 and here is the Lord Chief Justice still keeping the myth alive.

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It is interesting to contrast Monday's debate on the Civil List with the attacks on royal grants which were regularly made by Radicals in the House of Commons until about fifty years ago. They used to argue that monarchy was a waste of money if it did nothing, and anti-democratic if it did anything and therefore better done away with in any case. Monday's argument followed different lines. Psychology has taken the place of economics in all discussions of monarchy. Mr. Gallacher, the Communist M.P., made the one whole-hearted attack, arguing that the "symbolic" value which people always attribute to the Crown was really its worst aspect, because it symbolised not national unity, but the dominance of money and class dictatorship. I doubt if Mr. Attlee and Mr. Pethick Lawrence, who both made excellent speeches on the Labour side, would really differ from this on a matter of theory. They merely doubt whether Republicanism is politically a good objective. As gradualists and rationalists they would like a "simpler" monarchy, perhaps "a King on a bicycle," after the Scandinavian model. Obviously if we can get as much social equality as that, it matters comparatively little whether the head of the State is a King or a President.

* * *

There were very few references to the Duke of Windsor during the debate. The effort to forget Edward VIII has gone to surprising lengths. No member of the royal family is going to his wedding next week, and it seems certain that this decision was imposed upon them. I have heard a good deal of discussion about the origin of this rather shabby ban. No one thinks that it comes from Buckingham Palace. Downing Street, not to mention Lambeth Palace, almost certainly has more to do with it. I can see that Mr. Baldwin would want us to forget the Duke of Windsor and that the Archbishop of Canterbury would want no countenance given to the marriage of a woman who has been in the divorce courts. The decision confirms my view that Edward's abdication was a victory for clericalism, as well as for Puritanism. The Duke is very properly abstaining from a religious ceremony—a decision which should be as welcome to the Archbishop as it is for his critics.

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I note with great satisfaction an excellent innovation in the practice of British journalism. The Rothermere press carried a typically preposterous story about the recent anarchist trouble in Catalonia. Whereupon, on May 14th, the Barcelona correspondents of the *Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Reuter* and *London General Press* addressed the following joint letter to the Catalan Government:

> It having come to the knowledge of the undersigned foreign correspondents that certain foreign newspapers have published grossly exaggerated news in connection with the recent events in Barcelona, as for example, that the streets had been transformed into rivers of blood and that corpses were piled up three metres high, we desire, in the interests of truth, to state that such news reporting has nothing to do with the realities of the situation. The sanitary services functioned efficiently, and nowhere were corpses abandoned in the streets. The rest of the information to which we refer is pure fantasy and the product of over-heated imaginations.

* * *

By and large, the newspaper correspondents have done their best to report the facts, frequently thereby defeating the British Government's efforts to pretend ignorance of breaches of the Non-intervention Agreement. Mr. Noel Baker remarks on this fact in the foreword he has written for a remarkable little pamphlet on *Recent Breaches by Germany and Italy of the Non-Intervention Agreement* (King, 2*d*.) just produced by Miss Rathbone's unofficial Committee. This pamphlet is worth getting at a moment when the British Government is still pretending that it has not adequate information. It mainly consists of the information provided by foreign correspondents in papers as politically various as the *Daily Telegraph*, *Times*, *Daily Herald*, *Manchester Guardian*, *News Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, *Sunday Times*, *Echo de Paris*, *Evening Standard* (H. R. Knickerbocker), *Evening News*, *Daily Express* and *Frankfürter Zeitung*. Their accumulated testimony is very impressive. The final extract from the *Frankfürter Zeitung* of April 22nd is exceptionally valuable. It is an accurate forecast sent from the Basque front discussing the tactics actually carried out later for bombing and machine-gunning the civilian population of Guernica.

* * *

Agriculture is a great mystery. Attached to my cottage is a meadow. I used to keep the grass down by letting a farmer feed his cattle there. But this year he is not keeping cattle. He says they don't pay. Winter feeding costs too much, and what with one thing and another he prefers pigs. . . . Very well: I decided to let my field grow for hay. I inquire about getting it cut. No, the village tells me, you won't get a farmer to cut it: it will not be worth his while to cart it away. Hay is only fetching 30*s*. a ton. "But I thought the price of hay last winter was so high . . .?" All very puzzling for the layman. I raised the problem of getting my field cut over a pint of mild-and-bitter in the village pub. It led to a long debate. Finally I was informed that the only way was to get a man with a scythe. "A grand sight," says the publican's wife (who may have read in the papers about the coming scything competition between the men of Devon and men of Wilts) "a grand sight it must have been when the men all turned out to mow the hay with their scythes in a long line." "A grand sight it were," said an old labourer next me, "but that weren't so grand. No, that were hard work, that were, terrible hard work." Everyone agreed. The younger men admitted they could not swing a scythe. The art was going out. But they were all sure that scything was the only way of getting my field cut. "But I wouldn't do it with a scythe nowadays," said one grey-haired fellow, "not for less than 1*s*. an hour and a pint thrown in between whiles." I expect that is what it will come to in the end.

CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "Mercury."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> Rhyl War Memorial Hospital Committee chairman P. J. Ashfield told a gathering here to-day that they had put patients in the office and in the drawing-room, but the time had come when there were no odd corners left and patients were being turned away every day.

He was speaking at an exhibition of arts and crafts at Rhyl Town Hall in aid of the hospital, and opened by Admiral Rowley Conway, Flintshire's Lord Lieutenant, who said it was good that so many hospitals in England were run on the voluntary system instead of by the state.—*Daily Express.*

As for the procession [Coronation procession] itself, comparing it with the May Day demonstration, it looked a washout.—*Daily Worker.*

To me as a Londoner who is used to chronicling the visits of American leaders of finance and industry, the truly remarkable trait in Mr. Rockefeller's character seems his insensibility to the charms of this great Metropolis (London).—London Day by Day in *Daily Telegraph.*

I might also add, should the thoughts of the present King ever differ from mine, my loyalty to him would not change.—Correspondent in *Cavalcade.*

Even denizens of the feathered world, apparently, can be taught to express loyalty to the King. Mrs. Mary Durling, of " Vernonville," 21 Edwin Road, Rainham Mark, has a budgerigar, which she taught to say " God save the King," and this the clever bird repeated continually all the time the Coronation ceremony was in progress. Miss Durling thus wrote to King George informing him of the patriotic feelings expressed by one of his most minute subjects, and in reply, she has received a gracious and charmingly worded letter of thanks from His Majesty's private secretary.—*Chatham News.*

For several days now the Spanish Embassy in that aristocratic quarter has been deluged by correspondence. Scores of letters have been received from practical British housewives asking if any of the Basque girls would be available for domestic service.—*Evening Standard.*

Cerebos Salt for all loyal households.—Advt. on L.P.T.B. country bus.

In your Decorating and Celebrations of the Coronation Festivals you need Bunting and Flags, etc. IN YOUR SADDEST NEED AND SORROW LET Bunting and Son, joiners and undertakers, be always at your service day and night.—Advt. in *Glossop Chronicle.*

WARM DAY

Two warm days and I am already complaining. Two days such as I had been dreaming of through some of the most depressing months I have ever experienced, and I am aware mainly of the discomfort of a sudden rise of the temperature. Were the winter, and the early spring that seemed to be merely a shillyshally prolongation of the winter, so intolerable as they seemed at the time? Me, I confess, they reduced in their dullest hours to a limpness of pessimism such as I have never known since I was unable to pay the rent of my top room in Vauxhall Bridge Road for several weeks on end. The whole world seemed to have entered into a long phase of sunlessness and it looked as though sunlessness had invaded not only the visible earth, but the mind of man. Is life worth living? It is a question to which I have always answered " Yes " dogmatically on principle; but my " Yes " was gradually fading into a whisper. Even then, however, I said to myself encouragingly: " It's the weather," and told myself that, as soon as deep depressions ceased to be wirelessed with a deadly monotony into the soul of the listening world, life would be worth living again as it was last year and the year before, and, indeed, in all the years I can remember.

How fortunate it is that our moods are so easily influenced by trifles! Even in February the first song of the chaffinch can turn a pessimist into an optimist for a quarter of an hour. At the first faint flush of almond-blossom the world is for a moment all spring. Not that there is much to be said against winter as a season, if you have the leisure and the means to enjoy it. If I lived in the country through the winter, I doubt whether I should ever be a pessimist except while I was reading the news in the morning papers. I like cold weather and the colour of bare trees and ploughed fields, and the comfort of fires. In town, however, one has no chance to enjoy the winter. Snow itself soon becomes ugly in London. Frost may make patterns on the window-panes for children, but it merely excites the local authorities to hostile action on the roads. The townsman may experience occasional elation even during the winter, since man is an easily elated animal; but for the most part, except when he is watching football, he is most cheerful when he is looking forward to the spring. The things that give him most pleasure during winter—the song of a missel-thrush or a wren or a blue-tit—give him pleasure mainly because they are anticipations of a better world in which all the birds will be singing.

There is no month in the year that has happier associations for the imagination than the month of lilies and nightingales. If I read of lilac and nightingales in December I am at once transported into a scene so exquisitely beautiful that it seems scarcely possible that it should ever exist on this common earth. There are men who think little of the nightingale's song—or, at least, who compare it unfavourably with the song of the thrush or the blackbird—but the word " nightingale " conjures up an atmosphere of enchanting beauty for the ordinary human being, especially if he has never heard a nightingale. The names of many birds and flowers have this power of evocation and most of them are associated with spring and summer. Thus, delightful as it is to see the fieldfare and the redwing during their winter visits, their names have no magical influence on us. It is impossible to imagine a great poet writing an ode to a fieldfare that would move us as we are moved by Keats's ode to a nightingale. The very cuckoo is a magician in comparison with the redwing, chiefly because it arrives with the spring. If the cuckoo were a winter visitor and sang at Christmas it would stir our curiosity, but I doubt whether Wordsworth would have addressed a lyric to it.

It is possible, of course, that the poets, seeking for new subjects, will turn one day to the winter birds for their inspiration and celebrate the fieldfare and the redwing above the nightingale, the cuckoo and the swallow. The winter robin has already been celebrated by Mr. W. H. Davies as that " little hunchback in the snow," but the robin, after all, merely carries on the tradition of summer into winter. It is the exclusively winter birds that are most difficult to make a song about. Even the goldcrest—which, unless I am mistaken, used to be seen in England only in the winter, and which is well worth a song—has never had a poem written on it to match Wordsworth's poem on the no more attractive greenfinch.

Even the harshest voice, however, becomes beautiful when it is associated with the beauty of the awakening season. There are few harsher voices in nature than that of the corncrake, sounding like those rattles that are swung by enthusiastic boys from the north during the intervals of community singing at Cup Finals at Wembley, yet Dowden addressed some admirable lines to a corncrake. Hear it to-day from a riverside meadow in Oxfordshire, and it will seem the very voice of summer coming from the lush grass. Beauty is a matter more of association than of prettiness. Hence the corncrake and the cuckoo afford us a pleasure such as we can never get from prettier tunes on a musical-box. I am inclined to think that men could produce by machinery songs as good as any that are sung by the birds; but, as soon as we began to associate them with machinery, they would cease to be beautiful. Even the admirable records of the songs of the birds that we can listen to on the gramophone give us pleasure only in so far as they conjure up the greenness of leaves and the light of day amid which the original songs were sung. They, too, like the words " lilac " and " nightingale," owe their power to move us to the fact that they fill the imagination with the lavish wealth of summer.

Whether men will ever be able to make artificial flowers to rival the flowers of the field and the garden in colour and fragrance I am doubtful; but, even if they do, the artificial

flower will never seem the same thing. I cannot imagine a poet's feeling deeply moved at sight of even the most skilfully constructed artificial daisy. He could not, on seeing it, be stirred, as Chaucer was stirred by a daisy, with the vision of a world reborn into its primal innocence. Roses and lilies from a factory might serve the whim of fashion for a season, but it is only the living flowers that fill the imagination with the sense of more abundant life that all men desire. It is worth noting, however, as a matter of curiosity that men are not so inevitably touched with a sense of renewed life by the sight of a spring or summer flower as by the voice of a spring or summer bird. We pick and choose among flowers as symbols of resurrection. The dandelion, for example, ought to be as noble a symbol of the renewal of life as the white-throat, yet how seldom does the dandelion win the commendation it deserves! From an aesthetic point of view, there is as much to be said for the cow-parsley in the evening light as for the monotonous drip of the notes of the chiff-chaff in the high branches, yet cow-parsley still awaits its celebrant. The thistle has been adopted as the national flower of Scotland, but, if we may judge from the attitude of most human beings to the thistle, this was done less from love of the beauty of the thistle than as a symbolic threat to the outside world. Game-keepers and gardeners, of course, have antipathies to certain birds as most of us have to certain flowers; but we like the gamekeepers and the gardeners none the better on that account, whereas we seldom criticise a man who does his best to exterminate his dandelions or who uproots speedwell from his flower-beds as a weed. Few of us console ourselves through the darkness of winter with the thought that before long we shall be seeing the ragwort again.

This difference between our attitude to birds and our attitude to flowers is possibly due to the fact that flowers are so much more plentiful than birds. Nature flaunts her flowers—seas of bluebells in the woods, seas of buttercups in the fields—whereas the birds in comparison are a small and secret population. On Saturday, when I spent an hour or two in Surrey, I heard chiff-chaffs, but I did not see one. I heard a garden-warbler, but I could not wait till he became visible. I paused at a wood where a nightingale is known to sing, but he uttered not a note. Chaffinches, larks, willow-wrens, and all the commoner birds were singing, but the world did not teem with song as it teemed with the colours of the flowers.

Even so, what a day it was—the first fine day of the year, I told myself, exaggerating, as I watched the swallows splashing the surface of the pond while they dipped after insects in their flight. Life was certainly worth living as the cuckoo sang between wood and wood. How good to feel that the sun was shining full-blaze on the earth once more—that mortality had once more escaped from sunlessness into golden months of summer! The world was as if made new—up till Tuesday. Tuesday, I confess, was oppressive in Fleet Street. Steamy—thunder in the air. It is the month of lilac and nightingales, but I cannot help wishing it had struck London more gradually. . . . Thus ungratefully do the sunless ones welcome the return of the sun. Y. Y.

Correspondence

POLICY AND ORGANISATION

SIR,—Mr. Crossman contends that the electoral effectiveness of the Labour Party is foremost a matter of good local organisation, and that policy is relatively unimportant. He wants us to stop considering policy for a year or two, so that we can prepare and consolidate our electoral machinery in the constituencies. He does not see the direct connection between the two.

On what does the strength of a local party depend? On the keenness with which a number of individuals are inspired to sacrifice themselves for the Labour cause. What is it that gives such inspiration? It is the stirring appeal of a bold, unambiguous and convincing policy, united on foreign as well as domestic affairs, advocated by a resolute and purposeful leadership.

Local organisation is enervated to-day, largely because of our present weakness in policy and leadership, and the refusal to arouse the enthusiasm of the rank and file on such day-to-day struggles as Spain and the busmen's fight. If the policy of the Party was framed and advocated in such a manner as to make it evident that the Party is fighting with determination the great and glorious battle for peace and social progress, then active workers will soon become available in every locality, and organisation will take care of itself.

Mr. Crossman says that there is plenty of enthusiasm among the rank and file. I agree. It is a tragedy that this enthusiasm should be allowed to run to waste. The most enthusiastic supporters, and, therefore, the most likely to take part in the donkey-work of organisation, are inevitably the most progressive members of the Party. The recent record of the leadership of the Party in such matters as Spain and working class unity has seriously damped the ardour of this all important section of the movement. As a result, thousands of potential active workers in the constituencies have become disgruntled and inactive. Greater initiative and a militant spirit at Transport House would do more than anything else to strengthen the local organisations, without which, as Mr. Crossman says, Labour can never win power. G. R. STRAUSS

House of Commons, S.W.

SIR,—I have seen something of two recent by-elections in Birmingham—Erdington and West Birmingham—and so read with great interest Mr. Crossman's article "On Losing Elections." I agree with him that the decisive weapon in both contests was machinery and party organisation. The Tories had an organisation in excellent trim in both constituencies; we had almost none; the Tories won. Whatever may be the matter with Labour Party policy it should certainly be preferred by peace-loving, food-consuming electors to Tory policy, if they really understood what that is. They are actively kept from such understanding by the Tory Party machine.

But what are the *causes* of this great disadvantage under which we labour? The reason the reactionaries have a machine is obvious. They pay for it, from the daily newspapers down to the street captains. We used to have one which in the immediate post-war years was a source of envy, panic and astonishment to our opponents. Mr. Crossman does just mention that it was broken in 1931: 1931 was no mystical date foretold by the stars for our decline; it was the year when the fruits of insufficient attention to policy finally ripened. (And in Birmingham we were dealt a more deadly blow than the rest of the movement suffered, owing to the policy of Mosley and Strachey.) 1926 was a similar year for the Trade Union movement. In those two years, as a result of policy, party secretaries, branch secretaries, collectors, individual members, fell away from our organisation in hundreds.

People with a lifetime of service to the movement behind them threw in their cards in those years, and the subsequent behaviour of the leadership and the decisions of such Conferences as Brighton and Edinburgh have not provided that deep enthusiasm necessary to make them take up the work again. It needed a lot of thinking and discussion to keep one party worker of whom I know in the movement after he had attended the Brighton Conference and heard Bevin tell the delegates that they were wasting their breath talking about foreign policy.

In my opinion the root of our failure in Birmingham is Trade Union organisation. For a great industrial city this is appallingly bad, and the salaried Trades Council Secretary has just figured in the Coronation Honours List. But how can we go and persuade the workers at Austins, Nettlefolds and the other places where there have been strikes to build up a Trade Union movement when they have the spectacle of Bevin and the London 'bus men?

Birmingham is not such a bad place. In spite of rearmament prosperity the people are passionately desirous of avoiding war, and there are enough energetic Radicals in the city to chase the Tories out if they would canalise their energies in the Labour Party instead of dissipating them in a dozen different pacific and social organisations. We cannot get the electors until we get this nucleus of workers, as Mr. Crossman has said, and we will not get these workers until we have a policy they believe is worth working for. In fact, the people most bent on routine work in Birmingham seem to be the Communists, and for reasons of policy we are instructed to reject their assistance.

15 Melville Hall, M. BARBARA CADBURY
Hagley Road, Birmingham, 16.

MAGIC OR COMMON SENSE

SIR,—It is surely you who fail to distinguish between the "symbolic use of ceremonial" and the "magic efficacy" of "cabalistic words." You see no alternative to mumbo-jumbo but a "pleasant piece of pageantry." The writer in the *Times*—and most Englishmen—saw in the sprinkling of oil the sacramental fact—which is not magical—that an outward symbol helps to bring home to us moral or spiritual truths—in this case the truth that the king is called both in his public and private life to foster the sentiments and goodwill among his peoples which arise from a feeling of brotherhood; and that to live up to this calling he does need divine guidance. You may not believe this, but you must surely admit that it is religion and not magic.

It is untrue that the kingship hides the need of scientific thought or of the understanding of social problems. Indeed, its separation from the actual work of legislation prevents the parties of reaction from getting the unfair advantage of identification with the pageantry and sentiments that surround the throne; if the parties of progress took your advice and scoffed at them, of course, they would suffer for it, as Sir Stafford Cripps does. It is true that if we are sufficiently conscious of national unity we shall be "blessed with a quiet Empire," and tackle our reforms in a spirit of goodwill. Most of us would prefer this to the unquiet methods of Russia or Spain.

As for "king's weather," surely the remarks about it which you pillory are only harmless make-believe. If you give a garden party on a fine day and a guest compliments you on the real "New Statesman's" weather, do you think it necessary to read him a solemn lecture on superstition? R. F. BAILEY

Kingsland House, Allerton Road,
Mossley Hill, Liverpool, 18.

[Our point was that the quite intelligible symbolism of the ceremony was destroyed by the introduction of magic. In support of our contention we quoted mystical statements from the *Times*, which said that the ceremony made the King "something other than he had been," etc. Similarly we referred to the King's weather just because in some people's minds it is not make-belief at all. During the last year of the reign of George V there were people, as our *This England* column showed, who regarded the fine weather for the Jubilee (and the Funeral!) as a direct intervention of Providence.—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

SIR,—Hasn't Mr. O'Brien got it all wrong? The United Front to which he refers is that of a cinema audience enjoying some spectacular film and has little or no reference to politics. Even Communists and Republicans can enjoy pageantry—especially when preceded by intensive press boosting: that is, if they have a taste for that form of entertainment. Coronation unanimity and enthusiasm is not so much evidence of loyalty to monarchical institutions or of appreciation of the part played by the Crown in relation to the Constitution, as of the sovereign's entertainment value. It may well be that so much press boosting has overreached itself and that the people's attitude to the King and Queen has become akin to that accorded to the two Charles's (Chaplin and Laughton) and to Gracie Fields. Their Majesties were truly the servants of the people—in the capacity of entertainers: and that is all, or nearly all. R. CECIL OWEN

PHILIP SNOWDEN AND 1931

SIR,—Critic's second paragraph on Philip Snowden and 1931 contains several comments upon the events of that remarkable year which are capable of almost indefinite expansion. Is it, for example, accurate to describe the latter part of the February speech on the state of the national finances as "an almost casual warning"? Snowden's admissions and predictions made a great impression on the House and the press, and in some quarters the speech was characterised as the gravest utterance of a Chancellor of the Exchequer in our time. And I wonder whether Critic's statement that the summer crisis of 1931 was Snowden's responsibility can be upheld from the record?

The warning speech was delivered on February 11th. A few weeks later Snowden was out of action and undergoing the ordeal of his operation. In consequence of this the Budget was postponed to the end of April, and the Budget then presented in a short speech was recognised on all hands as a piece of work such as Philip Snowden in health would never have made himself responsible for—so clearly did it presage disaster for the Labour Government. I take it that the Chancellor was permitted to remain in office, notwithstanding his physical disability, mainly because a change at the Exchequer would have thrown the City into an implacable attitude, even if Snowden had been succeeded by William Graham. But it would seem to me that the responsibility for August cannot be placed principally upon the Chancellor, who was known to be out of accord with the financial policy of his colleagues and their party. Of course I recognise that to say this is to say that Philip Snowden was not the right head of the Exchequer for the Cabinet of 1929–31. That was manifest in the first year.

The central fact of the August *coup* is surely this, that (Mr. Baldwin's assent being assumed) the making of the National Government turned upon the action of Philip Snowden. He was the pivotal man. His standing, character, and unequalled power of speech combined to make him the greatest single asset of the Labour Party. No other leader counted in the scale. Without his support Mr. MacDonald could not have taken one effective step towards his goal. Those two together were a multitude. Philip Snowden's decision shook the old Labour Party. His broadcast election speech destroyed it. S. K. RATCLIFFE

Whiteleaf, Princes Risborough.

MR. JOAD AND THE P.P.U.

SIR,—Miss Rose Macaulay is right in thinking that my sympathies are very largely with the P.P.U., but surely I am right in thinking that "as a method of preventing war pure pacifism is at present negligible." The words that save me are, I suggest, "at present." I have never heard any member of the Peace Pledge Union assert that its existence and influence can, at this particular moment of time, be regarded as an obstacle to war; it is, I think, doubtful whether they are even a brake on the wheels of the war chariot. This, however, is entirely without prejudice to the hope, a hope which in my case is an expectation, that they may one day become what they are not at present.

On the other hand, I would like to be allowed to modify my expression "pure pacifism . . . is not a policy, but the negation of a policy." What I should have said is "not a foreign policy." My point was that pure pacifism did not concern itself with the immediate problems of foreign policy in the sense in which the League of Nations Union, or the supporters of Popular and United Front policies concern themselves. It aims directly at changing the opinions and values of persons, and so indirectly at changing the policies of governments and so, more indirectly still, at altering the European situation. But it does not aim directly at altering the European situation and has, therefore, I should have thought, no contribution to make to the solution of the day-to-day problems of foreign politics.

This is not a criticism of the Peace Pledge Union; their method may quite conceivably be the right one. But it does, I think, justify my description of the movement as moral and religious rather than as political. Actually my authority for this description was one of the leaders of the P.P.U. itself, who regarded as a defect a tendency which I am quite prepared to believe may be a merit.

4 East Heath Road, N.W.3. C. E. M. JOAD

SPAIN AND THE P.P.U.

SIR,—Every well-disposed person in this country will now be wanting to help the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief in its great effort to give as fair a chance of life as possible to the Basque children who have escaped the final horrors of war.

For this purpose, Canon H. R. L. Sheppard's Peace Pledge Union is undertaking to maintain a house which will make an ideal home for 50 or 60 children. It is situated in the country in beautiful surroundings, and (what is still more important) *is already fully equipped* and only waiting to be taken over.

May I therefore appeal with confidence to the generosity and sympathy of your readers, asking for the swiftest possible response to this appeal? Every penny of the money given to this fund will be wholly devoted to the maintenance and well-being of these children.

Will contributors please mark their envelopes: "P.P.U. Basque Children's Home," and forward their letters to: "Canon 'Dick' Sheppard, The Peace Pledge Union, 96 Regent Street, W.1."? MAX PLOWMAN,

The Peace Pledge Union, Secretary
96 Regent Street, London, W.1.

NON-MENACING DEFENCE

SIR,—In spite of General Crozier's and Mr. Hubert Griffith's pessimism about anti-aircraft gunnery, it is essential to peace

that this country should adopt the policy of mainly non-menacing defence, because this is the only course which will decrease, not increase, the danger of war under present conditions.

What other policies are there? Only two: complete pacifism and competitive rearmament of the present sort, in which the main emphasis is on counter menaces, especially bombers. Complete pacifism, if it became a big movement, would make war more likely by making this country (still the centre of a coveted empire) even more temptingly vulnerable. And the fate of Guernica has shown what can happen to an entirely undefended city in a world where there are nations soaked in totalitarian ideology and armed with aircraft. As for the present rearmament policy, while it is untrue to say that there cannot be any defence at all against air attack, obviously there can be none as long as countries rearm mainly with bombers. That sort of competitive rearming must lead to an explosive situation, even if most of the countries mean to use those terrific arms for collective security. It follows that those determined to work for peace must work for the policy of mainly non-menacing defence. The sooner the better.

This means that it is wrong to neglect any method of non-menacing defence, if there is any sign that it can be made effective without seriously undermining liberty. One of these methods is the provision of up-to-date anti-aircraft batteries—not merely "in fair quantities," as General Crozier misquoted me, but plenty of them. Can even up-to-date anti-aircraft batteries do much against modern bombers? General Crozier and Mr. Griffith answer this difficult question with a dogmatic "No." They may happen to be right; but they, as well as I, must admit that the evidence conflicts. I myself have come to think that the chances of anti-aircraft gunnery are not hopeless for several reasons. In 1915–18 anti-aircraft guns did play some part (though a small one) in frustrating the raids on London; many (though not all) reports from Spain say that the German anti-aircraft guns have been considerably effective; and the Czechs place great reliance on their latest anti-aircraft guns. Vickers revealed, in evidence before the Royal Commission on the arms trade, that the British Government had remained content with guns of 1918 design at a time when they were feverishly building more than twice as many bombers as interceptors; and this shows that the possibilities of non-menacing defence have been fantastically neglected. And surely not many people will go so far as to assert that it was quite as dangerous for aircraft to rake systematically a totally undefended town, like Guernica, as it would be to do exactly the same to a town with even a fair quantity of anti-aircraft guns.

Finally, if it turns out that anti-aircraft gunnery can do nothing at all, that will only make it the more urgent to concentrate on reducing the vulnerability of the targets of bombers, by storing food, doubling and protecting essential services, arranging in advance the evacuation of children from large towns, etc. Can anyone oppose these measures? Ought not all sections of the Labour movement to unite in pressing for them now?

Paris. JONATHAN GRIFFIN

SIR,—I do not wish to accuse Brig.-Gen. Crozier of being either "disloyal" or a pacifist, but surely he protests too much. To say, as he does, that the anti-aircraft gun "was of very little use" in 1918, and that "range-finding and sound-ranging gadgets are pretty but of small avail" is merely to express the groundsman's point of view. To any airman who flew in the last war (and not merely in 1918) both statements must seem to be grotesquely exaggerated. Moreover, it might pertinently be asked, of what value as a bomber is a machine which flies "so high as to be both inaudible and invisible"?

17 North Street, Westminster, S.W.1. J. H. F. MCEWEN

FACT

SIR,—There is no censorship, officially, in England. Yes; but there is an unofficial censorship, instinctive if not organised, of great efficiency. The recent experiences of *Fact* may be of some interest to your readers.

I should explain that *Fact* is a monthly journal, price 6*d*., of which each issue is a monograph, in shape like a "Penguin" book, with a small amount of editorial matter. Our Editors are Leonard Barnes, Margaret Cole, Storm Jameson, George Lansbury, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Rudolph Messel, Francis Meynell and Stephen Spender, with myself as General Editor—that is to say, the Board is definitely a Socialist editorial Board.

After our first number (by Margaret Cole) our printers, Messrs. Stephen Austin, of Hertford, refused to print us. No reason has been offered for this, in writing, to this day. We had scarcely made our arrangements to recover from this when our publishers, the Phoenix Book Co., Ltd., shortly before the day of publication of our second issue, refused to distribute us. They had been advised by their solicitors that the main article, called "I Joined the Army," might be objected to. That we had three contrary legal opinions did not affect their decision. We endeavoured to construct at a minute's notice some sort of distributing, accounting and collecting machinery, but I am afraid we missed a number of possible sales. After this, a firm which is probably the largest London distributor, refused to distribute the issue (though they will supply it to order) on the ground that they did not like its tone.

I send you herewith a copy of the offending issue, so that you may satisfy yourself that this account of Army life is not merely inoffensive, but the sort of document that any man with a sense of civic duty would regard it as his duty to disseminate.

Fact, 19 Garrick Street, London, W.C.2. RAYMOND W. POSTGATE

LEFT BOOK CLUB

SIR,—Mr. Strachey, in his letter of May 15th, does the other publishers of Left books an injustice when he says that only Mr. Gollancz accepted my idea of a Left Book Club. All agreed to supply books on exactly the same terms as Mr. Gollancz. None were asked to contribute capital. Admittedly delay took place in finding independent capital of which Mr. Gollancz was able to take advantage.

What your correspondents should appreciate, however, is that the combination of Mr. Gollancz's powerful ambition and capital resources have enabled the Club to develop far quicker than an independent one could have done with results that, on the whole, are of benefit to the Socialist movement.

Comparison between the other publishers' Left books this year and a year ago shows that the Club tends to create a new form of monopoly and there is little doubt that it will have to develop eventually into a democratically controlled club allowing the free publication and distribution of Socialist books as originally intended.

If this protracted correspondence has any direction it is towards a new club, and I would warn readers that another Left Book Club does not necessarily mean a better one. The only other proposal of which I have heard would be far more open to charges of "sectarianism" and far less value to the working-class movement. J. PECK

"A FAMILY AFFAIR"

SIR,—As THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is often used as a work of reference, Mr. Donald Cowie's article, entitled "A Family Affair," in your issue of May 15th, 1937, calls for some slight corrections.

Mr. Cowie states that the New Zealand Government's embargo on imports of Australian citrus fruits was an act of retaliation rather than of protection against the introduction of certain plant diseases into New Zealand. The facts are these. The United States Government had prohibited the importation of New Zealand apples and pears, not because of plant diseases in New Zealand, but because that Dominion imported fruit from countries where Mediterranean fruit fly was prevalent, and by this round-about means, the fly might be introduced into the United States of America. The New Zealand Government thereupon prohibited the importation of fruit from countries infested by Mediterranean fruit fly. Australia was one of these countries. One State, however—South Australia—was free from the fly; so New Zealand has admitted South Australian citrus fruit, and this has not precluded the United States from taking New Zealand apples and pears. It will be noted that there is not, therefore, a complete embargo against Australian citrus fruits, and that this partial embargo exists for the protection of New Zealand's trade with the United States. There is also the position of New Zealand's own citrus production. Mr. Cowie may not know, but there is already a substantial lemon-growing industry in New Zealand, and orange growing is developing. For this reason alone, New Zealand needs protection from the Mediterranean fruit fly. In addition, New Zealand has to give adequate opportunities for the marketing of Cook Island oranges. (The Cook Islands are included in New Zealand territory.)

Mr. Cowie infers that a subsidiary reason for the New Zealand

Government's action was to encourage the importation of Californian oranges from the United States. This was not a reason. Actually, it is the trade in Jamaican oranges which has developed recently, not the trade in Californian. New Zealand obtains its citrus fruits principally from local sources, from Australia, from California, from Jamaica, and from the Cook Islands. The restriction was placed on the importation of Australian fruit in December, 1932. The total imports of oranges and lemons into the Dominion in 1932 amounted to 11,917,282 lbs. The figure for 1936 was 15,170,398 lbs. Taking into consideration the increase in local production, it is clear that the partial restriction on imports of Australian fruit has not resulted in any diminution of supplies.

Incidentally, Mr. Cowie states that grapefruit became scarce in New Zealand because of the Australian embargo. The facts are that New Zealand does not import grapefruit from Australia. In fact, in the Australian Production Statistics, grapefruit does not appear as an Australian product. He states, too, that New Zealand grows more potatoes than Australia. The reverse is true. Australian production of potatoes is nearly three times that of New Zealand.

Mr. Cowie argues that because Australian currency is at approximate parity with that of New Zealand, it is cheaper for New Zealand to import from Australia. This is absurd. It is not the value of the Australian pound as compared with the New Zealand pound that matters—the important thing is the value of Australian currency as compared with the values of the currencies of countries which are competing with Australia in supplying the New Zealand market.

Mr. Cowie speaks of "mutual tariff walls" between Australia and New Zealand. This is misleading. Australia and New Zealand extend to each other, with a few exceptions, the British preferential tariff. And the New Zealand tariff on British goods, which includes that on Australian goods, is probably the lowest in the world.

Mr. Cowie speaks of an inferiority complex existing in New Zealand. If that is true, New Zealand is in the same class as the United States, Japan, Australia, Germany, England, Poland and Italy.

W. B. SUTCH

STATION COMFORT

Sir,—In your issue dated May 15th one of your contributors recounted the experiences of a friend of his—"H." So far as this company is concerned we were apparently responsible for his experiences at Liverpool Street Station, London, where he recounts his difficulty in getting breakfast at 7.0 a.m. and states that the only place of refreshment open was a tea-room which was being washed, and further that he only succeeded in getting a cup of tea off a wet table.

May I be allowed to point out that whether your contributor's friend arrived at Liverpool Street Station on a Sunday or a week-day morning there are ample facilities for getting any type of breakfast that might be desired and, for the reason mentioned by your contributor, i.e., that this station is a place of arrival from the Continent, we pride ourselves on the arrangements in force there in suiting the convenience of passengers arriving at all hours of day and night. On Sunday mornings the West Buffet opens at 6.30 a.m. after having been closed for six hours; this short period is the only time this Buffet is closed during the week. Also, on Sunday mornings the Grill Room opens at 8.0 a.m., the West Tea Room at 9.0 a.m., and the East Buffet at 8.0 a.m. On weekdays there are three Buffets open at 7.0 a.m. and the Grill Room opens at 7.30 a.m. Finally, may I point out that the Hotel is constantly open.

Thus, there is no lack of facilities and I may add that special enquiries have been made since the article appeared in order that any justifiable grounds of complaint might immediately be put right, but we have not been able to obtain evidence of any justification for the complaint made.

E. G. MARSDEN

The Information Agent,
London & North Eastern Railway,
King's Cross Station,
London, N.1.

[The interesting information in this letter confirms and does not at any point rebut the criticism made. As "H." arrived at 7.0 a.m. on Sunday with a train to catch shortly after 8.0 a.m., the information that several places of refreshment would have been open on a week-day or at 8.0 a.m. or later is irrelevant. No doubt there were hotels he could have gone to, but he happened to want not a heavy and expensive breakfast at a hotel, but a light breakfast in the station. The buffet to which he was directed by the porter was no doubt the West Buffet referred to in Mr. Marsden's letter. "H." reaffirms that it was in the condition described and that there was no food to be obtained except a packet of biscuits and a stale egg sandwich. On this point—the only relevant one—Mr. Marsden is silent.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

COOKS AND CALORIES

SIR,—Your "Scientific Correspondent" in one paragraph of his article "Cooks and Calories" unconsciously reveals why the art of good food provision and preparation is dying out in England. He says that in many humble villages the women, with little money, manage to raise good specimens of humanity by "using their wits and *continually sticking to their job*." He then contrasts with this pleasing picture the urban housewives who with more money seem to have cast off this wholehearted domestic virtue.

He should look at things from the woman's point of view, and the puzzle would solve itself.

Why do the villagers' wives spend so much time cooking? Surely because there is little else to do and no cash to do other things. Why do urban housewives not continually cook? Because there are other activities handy to vary the monotony of domestic virtue. There is cash and opportunity to do other things than eternally make porridge, soup, stew, pudding, and wash up all the paraphernalia.

And why should they be blamed? It is all a question of opportunity. When women get the chance to do other things as well as cook they will take it. When they don't they make a virtue of lack of scope and raise strong men who marry wives who cook continually and raise strong men who marry wives who cook continually, etc., etc.

And for what? Are women forever to be cooking machines? That they are so less and less is a natural development, and can no more be checked than the development of electricity from its early beginnings could have been checked. Things change, opportunities change and people change. In a Socialist society this problem would be recognised and solved to the satisfaction of both men and women. In a Capitalist society people continually hark back to the past, and try to keep alive and working the ideas and behaviour which suited a more primitive world. The result is confusion. And confusion it will be until people face up to new thinking as they face up to new mechanical discoveries.

42 Hampstead Way,
London, N.W.11.

D. S. HUTCHINGS

JEW-BAITING

SIR,—Extracts from the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Police state that the "grosser forms of Jew-baiting have diminished."

From observation in East London during the past few months the opinion is strongly held by large sections of the population that, far from having diminished, the grosser forms of Jew-baiting have increased.

On the occasion of the L.C.C. elections the B.U.F. contested three areas. Their election manifesto asked for support "against the tyranny of Jewish power." In the words of a Catholic Labour candidate describing the campaign, "I have been in five political fights, but I have never been in one where all decent behaviour was disregarded by the Blackshirts who hoped by their hooligan methods to terrify the people."

On March 4th after the termination of the poll, the unsuccessful Fascist candidates supported by a large crowd of sympathisers, marched through Green Street at almost 1 o'clock in the morning, and during that march thirteen shop windows, a majority of which were owned by Jews, were smashed.

On March 12th a Fascist speaker said, "Here is a British people lying in a ditch and lousy with Jews." On April 14th groups of Fascists attempted to parade through Whitechapel, shouting "Perish the Jews," and "Roll on the pogrom."

On May 14th a leading Fascist speaker in Bethnal Green said, "Christ died for the sins of the people. He had to be tortured and murdered and God could get no more wicked people than the Jews to do that. It's not the Jews who are persecuted; we are the persecuted."

On Tuesday of last week slogans were chalked on street walls, "Perish the Jews" and "Down with the Jews," as part of the advertising of a Fascist meeting in Cable Street.

Far from the "grosser forms of Jew-baiting having diminished" the Fascists, having failed to obtain adherents for their general policy, must intensify their Jew-baiting and they will, no doubt within the summer months, attempt to stage another march as

on October 4th. We have to be on our guard against a considerable increase in Fascist provocation. J. PEARCE,
Organising Secretary

Jewish People's Council,
164 Commercial Road,
London, E.1.

THIRTY DAYS OF INDIA

SIR,—In your issue of May 15th Mr. Lewin in a brief notice of a book of mine, after complaining that it is bright and breezy and that I am probably capable of writing a serious study of the Indian political scene [I daresay he is right], adds "one expects rather more from a representative of Chatham House." If Mr. Lewin had read my book carefully he would appreciate that it had nothing whatsoever to do with Chatham House.

The book in question, *Thirty Days of India*, not *in* India, as stated by your reviewer, is merely a traveller's notebook intended to encourage English people to go and have a look at India, and learn a little about her problems.

It is true that I was asked by my fellow-councillors of Chatham House whether I could find time to go to India and help the Indian Institute to establish itself, but there is no more connection between Chatham House and my travel notebook than there is between the Board of Admiralty and the Middle Watch, or THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and its Editor's book on the monarchy.

Hartfield House, STEPHEN KING-HALL
Headley, Hants.

A MATTER OF TASTE

SIR,—Your cheap sneer at Selfridges Coronation decoration should not be allowed to pass without comment. You quote the remark that it "symbolises the triumph of business enterprise over good taste," the good taste being a quality of perception possessed by your critic alone.

I have no interests in Selfridges Store nor enterprises in any way, but I do like fair criticism, and a large number of people—with taste—consider it the finest street decoration seen in London for many years. The fact that the entire decoration has been purchased for the Delhi celebrations next year carries out the idea that it is an example of importance.

Arts Club, MARTIN A. BUCKMASTER
40 Dover Street, W.1.

Miscellany

THANK HEAVEN FOR MR. MAUGHAM

"The Constant Wife," at the Globe Theatre.

IF the bourgeoisie of this country were as stupid as theatrical caterers evidently believe, we should be on the eve of the most easily made revolution in history. For the incompetence and dingy frivolity of most current plays pass belief. Wit, so far as our dramatists are concerned, is moribund: thought is dead. Pinero's plays, Lord knows, were not extraordinary. But neither were they nothing: they at least had a subject, an idea. And even a farce to be good needs an idea at the back of it. At the same time, the idea must be presented in terms of flesh and blood. The propagandist play is almost always scraggy, its bones obtruding in all the wrong places. In *The Ascent of F.6.* Messrs. Auden and Isherwood have made a conspicuous advance, and no one ought to miss this play. But their work still remains too abstract. And what other dramatists have we got? Look at the list of plays now running and you must agree that Mr. Maugham's *The Constant Wife* shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

In the first place, it is competent. The beginning is not as deftly machined as is usual with Mr. Maugham. The offer to the wife of a job as interior decorator is dragged in by the scruff of the neck, so that we say to ourselves: "She'll be able later on to support herself if necessary." And so, of course, she is. We need to be made aware of the fact, but less blatantly. But how nice is the author's sense of the theatre! There is some simple-seeming by-play with handkerchiefs on a piano which makes one think, so assured is the handling, of Tilden's tennis, Astaire's dancing. And equally brilliant is the decoration in the third act, when the husband, and his mistress, independently request the wife to insist upon their affair ending, since each of them has had enough. Secondly, and more importantly, the play is built upon a good comic subject, the relation between marriage and economics. Under English law a husband is bound to support his wife until he or she dies, even if she refuses him his conjugal rights. This corresponded well enough to the old domestic frame, when there were usually huge families which kept wives all too busy. It still fits the majority of the population, in whose homes the wife is nurse and housekeeper and cook. But in the richer classes it is an absurd imposition. Because a man has once fallen in love, he is expected to keep a woman in idleness and luxury for the rest of her days. Women have long since abandoned the fantastic legend—adopted largely to please men—that sexual pleasure is a prerogative granted only to males. If a couple are happy together, the pleasure, it is now accepted, is mutual. Moreover, in most professions, except those of the clergyman and the judge, men have to meet competition from women. And the housekeeping among comfortably off people distracts the wife for a very short while from the more important businesses of telephoning, buying clothes and playing bridge. The claim, therefore, made by wives of the richer class for perpetual support is based upon neither equity nor necessity. Their parasitic character—even more conspicuous in the United States than it is here—naturally strikes the "cynical" Mr. Maugham as particularly droll. And he returned to the subject in *The Breadwinner*. I think *The Constant Wife* is the better of the two plays, largely because Mr. Maugham in it expounds his views through the mouth not of the husband but of the wife. When she explains the iniquity of her privileges, there is rich comedy in the shocked indignation with which her victim denies the facts. But here also is the gravest flaw of this admirable play. The wife is vastly superior to everyone else in the play in what the luxury advertisers call "sophistication." She seems to belong to a layer of society quite different from that of her mother, her sister and her husband. She is Russian Ballet and the Savoy Grill, so to speak, while they are Gilbert and Sullivan and the Trocadero. The play depends upon her being devoted to her husband, having the same tastes and laughing at the same jokes. Yet he could not be more shocked and amazed by her view of marriage if he were a Baptist Minister in Huddersfield who had never read a modern novel or seen a play by Shaw.

The play is indifferently produced. Miss Ruth Chatterton has a fine fat part and makes the appropriate gestures, but they seem unspontaneous, imposed from without. She is an experienced actress, but appears unsuited to this part. For she shows no understanding of the nature of artificial comedy. She lobs her lines instead of driving them. I should like to see one of half a dozen actresses in this role, Miss Madge Titheradge, for instance, or Miss Gertrude Lawrence, or Miss Marda Vanne, or Miss Isobel Jeans. Indeed, in this production there is an actress who knows exactly how this style of comedy should be played, and Miss Chatterton would be well advised to ask Miss Helen Haye to run through her part with her. Mr. Cyril Raymond and Mr. Cecil Parker give good performances, and the other parts are played tolerably rather than brilliantly. A word must be said of the setting. Mr. Maugham's script calls for a room furnished "with singularly good taste," and we are given a room which is depressingly dowdy and tasteless. Not only does this vex our eyes, but it makes nonsense of the plot. For the wife is supposed to earn £1,400 in her first year as an interior decorator. But if a woman, who chose to live in such a room as this, started business in Bruton Street, I cannot believe that she would earn enough to pay for her lipsticks—unless, of course, she specialised in designing drawing-rooms for the theatre.

I have not mentioned the fact that this play is thickly studded with witty lines. Why should I? Is it not a comedy by Mr. Somerset Maugham? RAYMOND MORTIMER

PRAYER FOR SUNLIGHT IN EARLY SPRING

OH Lord, send the Sun!
Lord, unveil the solar flashing!
For the cloud has slain too long,
And the rain has been too lashing.
Send the Sun,
And dower its song!

Loose the Sun's bow at the rain,
Pull it firm and very plain
That it soon dismay the rain,
Strong as wanton wind that blew it;
Pour a million gold barbs through it,
Send the Sun against the rain,
And the Sun's sweet song.

Fill the damp cold naked places
And the proud slow vacant faces
With the Sun and with a song.
Send the Sun, Lord!
Send the Sun, Lord!
Send the Sun,
And loose its song.

Let the daffodils wake timbrels
And the dance.
Let those bugle flowers in yellow
Dance and prance.
Let all buttercups clash cymbals
Till the fields are dinging, singing,
And the bare bones stare askance.

Let the earth dispel her groans
Very soon, very soon.
Let the flesh grow on the bones,
Or the bones get to the moon.
Lord of Heaven, Lord of Sunday,
Bend Thy glance and lift the latch!

Lord of Heaven,
Lord of Sunday,
Let all yellow flowers firm catch
In their bowls of satin'd gold
In their petals' glowing fold
(Add the blue and add the white)
Drops of light distilled to match
The gold pendants on the wings
Of the choir that round Thee sings,
That the hands of them who snatch,
Children's hands that clasp upon them,
By the power that to them lingers
May for ever give forth blessings,
Ever blesséd in their fingers,
Ever blessing in their grasp.

HERBERT PALMER

MOZART AT GLYNDEBOURNE

THE Glyndebourne Mozart festival season began last week with the production of *Don Giovanni* and *Die Zauberflöte*. Before referring in detail to the performances, it is well to say for those who are not familiar with Mozart's operas that at Glyndebourne during the annual festival, which is now in its fourth year, these operas are given in the original text as Mozart wrote them. It is customary in Germany and Austria to-day to perform all Mozart's operas in German, which is definitely wrong. Mozart was not a composer of German opera; on the contrary, he was a composer of international opera, and it is merely an accident of fate that he did not complete an opera in French to add to his catalogue of operas in Italian and German. Mozart was from his youth bilingual. Italian was commonly spoken in Court and musical circles in his home town of Salzburg. The Italian cultural influence was in those days very strong in Austria (which it must always be remembered is, unlike Germany, a Catholic country) and particularly strong in the ecclesiastical state of Salzburg with its Prince-Archbishop naturally in close relation with Rome. Mozart often wrote his private letters in Italian and as a boy he lived in Italy for years at a time. We know for a fact that the operas he wrote with Italian liberettos, were meant to be sung in Italian, and for those who are familiar with *Figaro* in its original Italian form it is a travesty to perform it in German as the Dresden Opera Company did, for example, on its visit to Covent Garden early this year. To perform *Don Giovanni* in German is equally, if not even more, ludicrous, because a German *Don Giovanni* is an inconceivable character; while one might just be able to imagine an Austrian Figaro who could talk German in the flesh, although no singer on the stage could ever deliver his German recitative with the pace and brio of Figaro's Italian. *Die Zauberflöte* and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, on the other hand, were written in German and should be performed everywhere in German as they are at Glyndebourne.

On the first night, the performance of *Don Giovanni* gave proof that there was to be no falling off of the high standard which Glyndebourne itself has set. Five of the eight principals of the cast were the same as last year's, and in each case they had improved and ripened their previous excellence. For example, Mr. John Brownlee's Don Giovanni had a fiery dash which was the one element lacking in his otherwise fine rendering of this most exacting role; Ina Souez's Donna Anna has acquired a greater surety and her acting, when for the first time she realises that the murderer of her father is Don Giovanni, was a magnificent piece of work worthy of a great actress. Further, Luise Helletsgruber, by her singing of "Mi tradi," finally and forever disposed in the minds of doubters of the idea that this great aria should be cut out because Mozart added it to the opera later. The evenness and pure outline of Luise Helletsgruber's mezza voce singing in this aria were a joy to hear.

Of the newcomers, the Don Ottavio of Dino Borgioli, the well-known Italian tenor, had many good points. Signor Borgioli sings like a good artist, but I do not like the way he lets his voice "swell" on a note *espressivo*. He puts a great deal into his singing of the part and his conception is rightly robust and not insipid as so many Don Ottavios are, but he does not always succeed in maintaining a pure sensitive line. Mozart's music must be allowed to speak for itself after all the art of the singer has been given to it. This Ottavio is too much of an accomplished virtuoso Italian tenor who has not as an artist yet achieved the second simplicity essential to a completely convincing and moving rendering of the part. The new Zerlina, Marita Farell, a Czechoslovakian soprano, has not the charm of Miss Audrey Mildmay, who last took the part, but she is an accomplished singer, and with Roy Henderson's lively and convincing Masetto made a good ensemble. The Leporello of Salvatore Baccaloni remains the best I have ever heard; his singing of *Il catalogo è questo* in the first act had a terrifying quality which is indisputably according to Mozart's own conception, but which most Leporellos deteriorate to a farcical level. Some of the credit for this correct and most impressive conception must be given to the conductor, Fritz Busch, who must always be remembered as the presiding musical genius at these Mozart celebrations of Glyndebourne.

In *Die Zauberflöte* performance two nights later, one of the chief changes from last year was the new Sarastro, David Franklin, an English bass with a good voice who lacked the depth and maturity which can only come with age and with experience, but his sincerity made considerable amends for this. Another was a new Queen of the Night in a Nicaraguan soprano, Sinaida Lissitschkina, who, I understand, was slightly indisposed on this occasion. Nevertheless, she gave the impression that she does not lack the technical resources necessary for a Queen of the Night. I suppose we shall never

hear the perfect Queen of the Night, one who will combine the sureness of virtuosity as a coloratura singer with the strength of voice to give the part its necessary dramatic force. This is one of Mozart's conceptions which, we have to admit, we have never heard realised with our own ears. The new Monostatos, Ernest Frank, was a great improvement on the former one, and it was good to have Irene Eisinger back again as Papagena.

The Tamino of Thorkild Noval is an advance on last year's performance; he is now a truly excellent Tamino, both in looks, bearing and voice. As for Aulikki Rautswaara's Pamina, I venture to call this very near perfection in every respect. She looks beautiful, more beautiful than any film star, for she is devoid of vulgarity, she acts sympathetically and intelligently and her singing is remarkable for its musical beauties; she has an unusually keen sense of rhythm for a singer and her cadences are a delight to the ear.

What masterpieces these two operas are and how utterly different! That must be our first thought on returning to London from Glyndebourne. No wonder Kierkegaard thought Mozart the greatest of the classics. Works such as these are beyond human praise. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Judgment Day," at The Embassy

Mr. Elmer Rice modestly describes his new play as a melodrama, but its sincerity and relevance to the times raises it to the level of serious drama. The entire action takes place in the Supreme Court of a Balkan State which has endured some eighteen months of a brand of Fascism obviously akin to the Teutonic variety. An attempt has been made on the life of the Dictator, and the National Government embraces a heaven-sent opportunity to rid itself of the leaders of the People's Party. We watch, in fascinated horror, Mr. Rice's brilliant presentation of the brutal and shabby circus: the blustering prosecutor, the witnesses anxious at all costs to stand well with the Party, the tribunal of "incorruptible" judges, of whom only two have any notion of justice whatever. The result seems a foregone conclusion, and the prisoners, with the courage of despair, hurl taunts at their stupid enemies: Dimitroff is the model here. The entry of a Göringesque general arouses suspicion that the opportunity was not really sent by heaven after all, but cunningly engineered with the help of a conceited grotesque—a vacant middle-aged Van der Lubbe (admirably sketched by Mr. Philip Leaver). Suspicions are confirmed by the evidence of a furious *prima donna*, who is one of the best decorations of the piece: there was a roar of delight when she announced her disdain for the prosecution's threats because "my husband is the cousin of *Il Duce*." Three members of the tribunal remain blatantly contemptuous of all but political considerations; the President wavers; while the fifth, an Elder Statesman, well played by Mr. Hubert Harben, stands firm by his aristocratic honour, and, when all else fails, shoots first the Dictator, then himself. A melodramatic curtain, if you like; but after June 30th it is not so easy as it was to make neat distinctions between melodrama and life. This excellent play should have a great success; as deft in construction as it is bitter in satire, it is well acted by a long cast, among whom Catherine Lacey and Eric Berry are especially good as the accused democrats. Now that "actuality" performances are in vogue, and one may see *Hamlet* at Elsinore and *The Merchant* at Venice, it seems a pity that *Judgment Day* cannot be mounted for a few special performances in the Supreme Court of Leipzig.

"Paganini," at The Lyceum

It would be difficult to discover anyone less suited to play the grim and saturnine fiddler than the bland and expansive Herr Tauber. But the public, confident that there will be generous slabs of their favourite tenor inside, care little for the name on the wrapper; and their confidence is justified. The familiar tricks are produced with the same smiling efficiency as ever; we have scarcely recovered from a rapturous song when a duet, still more rapturous, heaves into view; *falsetti* soar into the stratosphere, hover dizzily, and descend, to the general admiration, in a series of long-drawn spirals. That Tauber gives everybody his money's worth is beyond question: his English is much improved, and, if the quality of his tone is less honeyed than when we heard his Don Ottavio ten years ago, his singing still gives great pleasure. Miss Evelyn Laye, making a horseback entry that would cause any Brünnhilde to scream with jealousy, is extremely happy in the part of the Princess of Lucca. Radiant in neo-classic shell-pink and silver, she ably abets her famous partner in a series of lavishly encored protestations of passion: it is no mere matter of *bis*, but of *ter* and *quater*, as though this were Gilbert and Sullivan. Alas, it is neither one nor the other: the music, though put together with Lehar's cunning craftsmanship, lacks the inspiration of a memorable tune; while not all the skill of A. P. Herbert and Reginald Arkell can transfuse humour into the traditionally romantic libretto. That excellent droll, Charles Heslop, actually squeezes some fun out of one of those frightful comic ministers. It is time the whole top-heavy scheme was scrapped in favour of the taut and nimble transatlantic satire. Ernst Stern has achieved a charming Banquet Hall, but the other sets are undistinguished. The excellent violinist who really played while Tauber deftly feigned deserved mention on the programme.

"Tobacco Road," at the Gate Theatre

Mr. Somerset Maugham, who is said to be uncommonly shrewd, included in one of his prefaces a warning to aspiring dramatists: "You will not earn substantial royalties if you write a play about the incestuous relations of a family of mental deficients." Ignoring, or disregarding, this advice, Mr. Jack Kirkland wrote just such a play, and it has been running in New York for four years. This success is the result partly of remarkably brilliant acting, and partly, it is rumoured, of a spectacle new to the American theatre—one of the actors nightly using the stage as a urinal. Mr. Norman Marshall at the Gate Theatre has not treated us to this pleasing detail, but some compensation is afforded by an idiot with a hare-lip and no palate writhing with animal desire for her brother-in-law, and a middle-aged woman preacher marrying herself to her schoolboy nephew. The play purports to be a picture of white trash in Georgia, but we suspect that it has as little to do with life as it has with art. Starvation, filth, cretinism and lust have been combined in the manufacture of a Grand Guignol which lasts for three acts instead of one. And the painful result has some of the comic quality of Miss Stella Gibbons' parody *Cold Comfort Farm*. (In New York, it seems, the audience laughed like mad, but at the Gate Theatre we took it all very solemnly.) Miss Mocca Clarke's decor is good, and the actors play quite admirably, managing the dialect well enough for our English ears. Mr. Hedley Briggs and Mr. Walter Holbrooke in particular give brilliant performances. It is a great pity that one of the very few London theatres which is not run merely for profit should waste so much talent on a play which is merely sensational and transparently bogus.

"Festivals and Pageants," at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Totalitarian States have one unnecessary advantage over democratic countries: though they may not give their subjects bread, they do give them circuses—and mighty fine ones. Here the Naval Review and the Tattoos are magnificently stage-managed, but the Coronation has been celebrated in London more expensively than effectively. The procession itself, and the floodlighting of the Horse Guards and the City Churches, were truly beautiful. There was some magic too in the semi-darkness of a trafficless Bond Street—muffled footsteps beneath softly floating spectral banners—a serenity which was enlarged by the sound of an accordion in the middle distance and marred only by the ritual arrest of a few youngish ladies for soliciting. But festive decorations are matters which they ordered better in the past. And the fascinating collection of prints and drawings in Room 74 of the Victoria and Albert Museum shows how these things should be done. One can imagine some genuine enthusiasm being aroused by the Hill of Plenty erected by Don Carlos, King of the Two Sicilies, to celebrate the birth of an heir in 1747. A small baroque palace stood on a mound. The palace itself was festooned with bacons, sausages, turkeys, bread and hams; the whole mound was strewn deep with cheeses, and wine flowed in the fountains. At a signal from the King the barriers were let down and the people raided the mound. The entertainment of William III at the Hague must have been worth queueing for too. "The Royal Monograms appeared illuminated by 800 balls of fire, whereupon from the vases on the obelisks fire

rained down and on all sides there exploded an infinity of fire-balls, bombs, snakes and fountains. The Sun engaged in combat with the figures of Hercules and the Lion of Holland, who repelled his attack with bombs and rockets. To accompaniment of the ringing of bells, the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets, the dolphins and sea monsters on the surface of the lake spouted fire," and so on. Like the gorgeous fêtes given by Louis XIV at Versailles (of which this of course was an imitation), this was the climax in celebrations. But even the erection of a " Chinese " bridge with a pagoda on it in St. James's Park would have made a diversion last week; especially if, as during the illuminations for the Peace of Amiens in 1814, the bridge had caught fire and " the awful magnificence during the progress of the flames exceeded the former appearance of the edifice." Processions were splendid, too. The ambition was to outdo the Triumphs of the Ancients. *The Triumph of the Virgin*, in which her car was drawn by a team of twelve elephants, provides a grandiose suggestion which might be used for an Emperor of India and would certainly have made many gasp who only wondered why they had been so silly as to pay for seats. Two designs by Guardi for ceremonial gondolas make one long for river processions. And the decoration of private houses for such occasions could, as this exhibition shows, display all the sumptuous ostentation of Oxford Street in party-dress without its ponderous vulgarity. Our pomp, it is too clear, survives, like fake Georgian architecture, a non-comprehending and lifeless imitation of something which once had vitality and reason.

Sisley, at Tooth's

Asked the other day to name our favourite English painter, we answered, not quite truthfully, " Sisley." His vision was narrow, compared with Constable's, his sensibility perhaps uncertain, compared with Gainsborough's. And though his blood was, we believe, entirely English, he was born and passed most of his life in France. A recent exhibition of his work may have led Londoners to underestimate his gifts, for we should never have suspected most of the pictures in it of being by Sisley, if they had not been signed, and shown in a gallery with a deservedly high reputation. Even the greatly superior show at Tooth's reveals that he was a very unequal artist. He excelled in painting snow and Spring; and when he attempted the richer or darker aspects of nature, he was usually less successful. There is a *Scène d'Hiver* in this exhibition of an unsurpassable delicacy: the paint seems to have been feathered on to the canvas as lightly as the snow, which is its subject, fell upon the trees. This is one of the great masterpieces of lyrical painting. Almost equally beautiful is *Pommiers en Fleurs*, lent by Mrs. Watson Hughes. And numbers 3, 5, 7, 13, 18 and 19 in the catalogue are other pictures worth specially careful study. Sisley's self-forgetful spontaneous enjoyment of the gaiety of nature is akin to what one finds in some Elizabethan songs. And his pictures have a freshness which is usually absent from modern English works in which the artist is either too visibly anxious about design or too intent, like a star actor, on putting across his own personality. The quick notation of an immediate response to nature has almost always been the forte of English painters, and Sisley in this respect follows the tradition of Gainsborough and Constable. Messrs. Tooth are also showing some exquisite small pictures by the great twin-brethren, Bonnard and Vuillard.

"They Shall Not Pass," at the Everyman Cinema, from Monday

They Shall Not Pass is a brief historical record of events in Spain since the formation of the Republic. Of the thirty minutes running-time only five are taken up with the Government's reforms and activities before the revolt of Fascist generals on July 17th last year. The Spanish Ministry of Public Instruction, under whose direction this film has been made, have discovered the force of impartiality and under-emphasis. And although the pictures are of necessity mostly taken on the Government side of the lines, there is little emotionalism beyond the bold slogan and an occasional interpretation of the cheerful Spanish National Anthem. The English commentator indicates Franco's imported armaments in just the same tone as he refers to a shot of Durruti, the Catalan leader, taken only twenty minutes before his death in action. General Queipo de Llanos kisses the flag of Spain on a balcony in Seville, without comment, and piles of discarded German steel helmets are left to tell their own story. The history includes the rebel advance and sack of Irun and goes on till that moment in November when the Fascists started marching through the suburbs of Madrid. It is a pity either that the film has reached England so late or that the story has been left so incomplete. The daily shelling of the civil population of Madrid, though horrible in itself, has now been so far outstripped by efficient frightfulness round Bilbao. What there is here is so tremendously effective that we only hope it will be expanded and filled out later on. The remainder of the Everyman programme is taken up by a revival of *Mädchen in Uniform*.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, May 29th—
- National Peace Congress, Friends House, 10 and 2.15.
- Conference of Labour Parties on Spain, Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, 2.30. Tickets 1s.

SUNDAY, May 30th—
- J. Langdon-Davies on " Edward Gibbon," Conway Hall, 11.
- United Peace Service, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 2.45. Peace Demonstration, Trafalgar Square, 4.
- J. B. Coates on " Scientific Humanism," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- " Mirabelle," Arts.

MONDAY, May 31st—
- Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel on " The Challenge to Democracy," Morley College, 5.30.
- British Drama League Community Theatre Festival, Old Vic, 7.
- Freda White on " Spain—the Future? " St. John's Hall, Monck St., S.W.1, 8.
- H. Otto on " Marxism and the Modern World," 39 Doughty St., 8.30.
- " Falstaff," Covent Garden Opera House.
- Ballets de Monte Carlo, Coliseum.
- Opening of Gilbert and Sullivan Season, Sadler's Wells.
- " They Shall Not Pass," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, June 1st—
- Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Geoffrey Watson, Cooling Galleries.
- " Lovers Meeting," Embassy.

WEDNESDAY, June 2nd—
- Public Meeting for Spanish Relief work. Speakers: Vernon Bartlett, Mrs. Leah Manning, Wickham Steed and others. Chairman: Viscountess Gladstone, Kensington Town Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, June 3rd—
- " Le Nozze di Figaro," Glyndebourne Mozart Festival, 5.15.

She used to be comfortably off . . .

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Phew! What a nasty smell
Sorrow can raise. No spell,
Perfume of memory,
Philosophy,
Can staunch the ceaseless flow
Trickling now fast, now slow,
Of bitterness.
Raging through hollow tooth
Memories—forsooth.
What, shall we paw once more
Life lived? Let's rather snore
Humped on the Present floor
Inconsolate.

THOSE few lines express to me the poison of bereavement; the loss which torments us uselessly with a pain which has something of the bad joke about it—like the shooting neuralgic pains a man feels in his toes after his leg has been amputated. They are from the prelude of a poem, called *Ornament of Honour*, addressed to T. E. Lawrence by Ernest Altounyan (Cambridge, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Many passages in this prelude seem to me to be really great poetry, though others are spoilt for me by the use of poetical clichés from which the author makes no efforts to escape. The prelude is followed by a fugue of 119 sonnets and a finale, but Mr. Altounyan seems to me far more successful when he is expressing violent grief in the simplest language than when he is trying to set forth the philosophy of life, which he had talked over with T. E. Lawrence before his death. I was very much interested to find a critic whom I greatly respect taking the opposite view.

* * *

About a year ago I was asked to contribute to *T. E. Lawrence by his Friends* (Cape, 15*s.*), but found that Lawrence was so elusive a subject that I only succeeded in describing myself, so that I had to be content with the brief sketch of him which I had published on this page soon after his death. It occurred to me then, that if the other contributors were in the same difficulty, the volume would be a curious collection of self-portraits. What I had forgotten was the cumulative effect of so many descriptions of the same man. Taken separately they are, of course, inadequate, but read one after the other they give an astonishingly full and revealing portrait. Though often flatly contradictory, they somehow do not cancel out but correct each other. Richard Hughes (not a contributor) once wrote that Lawrence had as many skins as an onion. It is the exact truth. Even physically, he was so various that the accounts are almost irreconcilable. *Slight and insignificant*, his *body dwarfed by his head*, he was *a beautifully made man* who *never met the eyes of the person he was addressing* and had *a morbid horror of being touched*, while *the long look right into one's eyes* was as unforgettable as his *firm handshake* and encouraging *pat on the shoulder*. He *had a hatred of his body;* went swimming *like a frolicking porpoise*, and enjoyed wrestling with a Regimental Sergeant-Major twice his size. He ate very sparingly, fruit, bread and salad; *he enjoyed quite large meals, did not seem to care what was given him to eat, but always finished everything . . . the custom of giving him a good helping*, without offering a choice, *was obviously to his satisfaction*. In fact the only points about which all are agreed are his quiet and gentle voice and the extreme brilliance of his blue eyes.

* * *

Lawrence's moral characteristics are also variously reported. To Ja'far Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief of Feisal's forces in the later stages of the Arab campaign, his secret was that: *A simple man, he did like simplicity in almost everything. This is why he was so attractive to and attracted by the Beduins of the desert.* To the English, on the other hand, he appeared complicated in the extreme. To John Brophy *He was honest, more honest, I think, than anyone I have ever known, but not simple.* E. M. Forster tells how when he was looking forward to an outing in Lawrence's speed boat he told a story that the boat had strained her back during the night.

> I wonder! This was not the only time I had to slink away from his explanations. Most certainly he did not always speak me the truth, though did it matter? One felt safe in his hands. I seldom asked questions because they involved him in answers, and though I was frank with him he was never equally frank in return, nor did I resent his refusal to be so. This explains, in part, why he was a great leader of men; he was able to reject intimacy without impairing affection.

To Dunn, an airman and a poet, Lawrence revealed an

> impish delight in the construction of almost scandalous stories, larger than the truth, about his friends.

And to Dunn he described

> (untruly I believe) how when H.M.S. "Nelson" went aground he presented himself on board to a paralysed quarter deck as the man from the British Movietone News wishing to take a close-up of the Admiral.

The story is the funnier because, if I remember rightly, the Admiral in question was an old friend of Lawrence's, whose crop of red hair figures in one of the illustrations to *The Seven Pillars*. To E. M. Forster the boat-building seemed clearly a side-line which Lawrence pursued only to distract himself, and the deepest impulse in him was to write well. But from other accounts it is clear that he felt he had a mission in providing very high-speed boats for saving life in cases of aircraft crashes at sea.

* * *

The picture of his boyhood at Oxford is clear and delightful. We see the four elder Lawrence brothers bicycling in single file to school, in order of seniority, dressed in soft blue and white jerseys which were almost a family uniform. T. E. was the second son. He was from the first an archaeologist, bribing workmen to save every piece of pottery they found in excavations, and even demolishing a church pew to rub brasses. The castles of France and England took him to the castles of the Crusaders in Syria; a friendship begun at the Ashmolean proved a stepping-stone to digging at Carchemish and the visit to Akaba, described by Colonel Newcombe, provided the local knowledge which led to the greatest of his military exploits. If he did not "hate the body," he demanded the impossible from it, because he was "as strong as a gorilla." From his boyhood he was unconventional, doing his algebra in his own way; as an undergraduate "he never read the obvious books." Leonard Woolley's contribution reveals the irritation that this unconventionality and erratic sense of humour produced. At Carchemish he was given to dressing up, treated some jobs with contempt, was a specialist at others and would break off all work to set the Arabs yarning. The cure for eccentric troubles is usually success which brings maturity; Lawrence's overwhelming success intensified his loneliness and resulted in a kind of arrested adolescence, so that after the age of forty he still showed the enthusiasms of a boy of twenty. General Wavell says that he had been endowed at his cradle with every gift, but that the bad fairy gave him the curse of self-consciousness, while his brother, A. W. Lawrence, who was in close touch with him all his life, writes of a diffident, perhaps weak core, controlled by his colossal will-power, and attributes his uncanny faculty of seeing through the eyes of others to an inner lack of confidence. Sheikh Hamoudi, who had known him very well at Carchemish, exclaimed to Altounyan:

> Tell them in England what I say. Of manhood the man; in freedom free; a mind without equal; I can see no flaw in him.

This, roughly, was the verdict of the aircraftmen on "Broughie" Shaw, of Ernest Thurtle and G. B. S. and Winston Churchill and of Lorna Norrington, the schoolgirl whom he often took out in the speed boats. A. W. Lawrence says:

> If he gave his trust and it were betrayed, then, provided he understood the reason for the failure, he felt no rancour—and this seems to me the greatest of his successes.

T. E. Lawrence by his Friends gives a picture which could not have been got in any other way.

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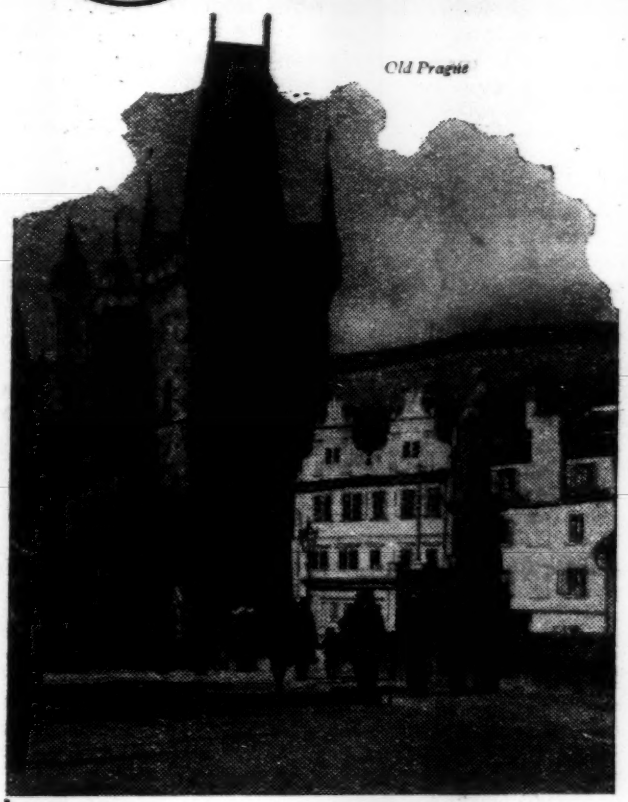

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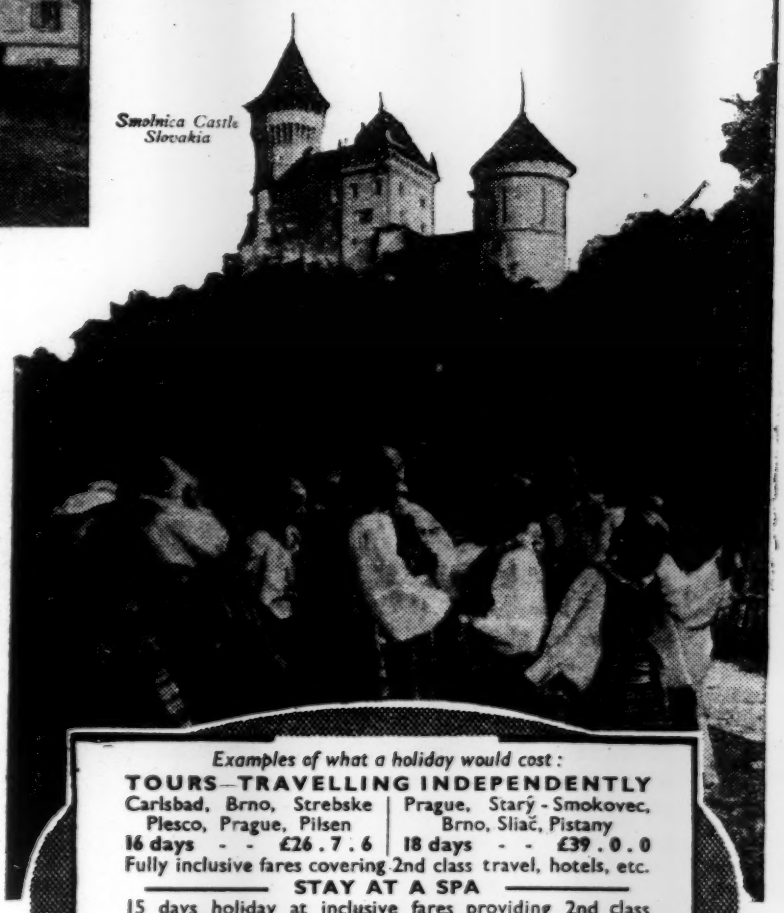

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By Day and by Night. By JOHAN BOJER. *Appleton Century.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Marching Cloud. By F. H. DORSET. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The rise in the Regency market has been going on for some time now and is pretty well at its boom point. A chill of apprehension is in the air since the Coronation—one can feel it in Mr. Vaughan Wilkins's title—is it going to be "and so—Victoria" all over again, the rise of a new utilitarianism? Someone should analyse and write the history and epitaphs of these period booms, explain these sudden, passionate escapes. Is there, for example, anything in this knowing talk about the swing of the pendulum? Is there an inevitable conjunction of sympathies between the present and what people used to feel and think and do a hundred years earlier? Does historical nostalgia limit itself to the passage of a century? Or is it really that our time is peculiarly propitious for booms in history? This seems to me very likely. Politics, morals, religion, social life and taste are in such a condition of chaos that people clutch at any period or any historical analogy which will give them a moment's support or respite.

Mr. Vaughan Wilkins has gone frankly to the Regency for glamour and has come back with armfuls of it. The whole thing goes like a military band, not forgetting the crowd following. There are six hundred closely printed pages of it, and a study of his adjectives and adjectival clauses shows how the trick is done. There are "august arrivals," distinguished persons are in "all the panoply of office," aldermen are "faintly redolent" of real black-strap port, ushers of charity schools are "as hungry as their charges," and the bells of parish churches "surge into a clangour of welcome." Here are all the unpleasant royal brothers, their fertile mistresses and neglected wives, their children and spies, seen *en famille*, grotesque in the princely bath, portentous before mantelpieces, drunk in Germany, robbing creditors in France, scheming in England and pompous and lecherous everywhere. In the midst of them is the baby Victoria lying between them and their hopes of the throne; around them stand the aristocracy who despise them and the bastards who—to do the royal fathers credit—cause more thick-witted bewilderment than anything else. Christopher Harnish, the hero of the tale, is one of the bastards, and Mr. Vaughan Wilkins puts him through a whole series of adventures which take him down to the depths of vagabondage among child-stealers and Methodist reformers and up to the various princely presences again. Of course, Christopher meets again, when he grows up, the girl who had shared his misery on a Welsh child-stealers' wagon, parts from her after a bout of prophetic Victorian priggishness, to be united with her again. Mr. Vaughan Wilkins has hit upon the glamorous, romantic novel in one. The great length, the interminable intricacies of plot, the vivid sketches of persons, but lack of any real portrayal of character, the slowness of narrative, the improbable re-encounters, the day-dream women, the sensitive hero, the tapestry of cruelty and corruption (yet suitably coloured), the debonair deaths, the horrid survivals—all these conventional ingredients are present and prevented from becoming lurid or flashy by an intelligent kind of wordiness. But Mr. Wilkins was not content with history, with his prodigious inventiveness and manipulative skill—these are remarkable—he wanted his book to have a meaning. Alas, can glamour supply a basis for such a pretension? I think not. The whole sense of glamour is that it springs from a kind of self-love—see Christopher Harnish idealising women, becoming a prig, and being, very rightly, called over the coals for it by Mr. Wilkins—and all we get is a number of embarrassing passages about day-dreams and reality in which Mr. Wilkins seems to be having it out with himself and his characters. Many novelists take a masochistic pleasure in subterranean self-criticism in their books. When you spot this, you feel badly cheated. It is Thackeray all over again packing up the puppets in the last page of *Vanity Fair*; a personal smear over what pretended to be an impersonal picture.

In *The Marching Cloud* Miss Dorset also has gone back to the past and, though on a far less ambitious scale, is as intent upon evoking a period as Mr. Vaughan Wilkins is. The time begins in the late 'sixties, and she has gone not for glamour but upon a more austere purpose—to study the struggle of Victorian women for intellectual and economic independence. Out of this grim subject Miss Dorset makes an intelligent and agreeable novel and she has caught the tone and tempo of her period by writing in its manner. Whether the clichés are intentional or not they have their unmistakable effect. This is undoubtedly the 'sixties:

> Too fair eyebrows were atoned for by darker lashes and eyes of soft clear blue; under the smooth young cheeks lurked a fine, firm construction of bone.

The dialogue spreads out in lawns and terraces:

> "I have endeavoured," pursued the Squire, "to interest each of our children from the first in an intelligent appreciation of Natural Philosophy on the very excellent lines laid down by Rollin, with whose books you are, of course, acquainted. . . . Leila alone still pursues her Botany with interest, and I doubt if Adela now ever opens a volume of any kind on Natural History, although at one time I could hardly detach her from my bookshelves."

The pastiche is happily not more than an inflection, for Miss Dorset has a serious concern for Adela. The Squire was deceived. Adela was a viper in his anti-Darwinian bosom and she had been reading all the improper biology she could persuade the radical butler to smuggle into the house. She married, merely to improve her education, a distinguished explorer and scientific writer, only to discover that even this enlightened mind denied her real independence when his own interests might be endangered. Of course, the theme required the contrast of the behaviour of the new generation, and the second part of the book describes their brisker and freer solutions of the same problems. These young beings, though well observed, are not as satisfactory as their elders. They have broken from the charm of that earlier decorum, and the book declines into the conventional family narrative, with the old nursing their disillusion, acquiring new prejudices, remembering old loves, while the young start the new bitter-sweet romances. The slow-moving part of the book, though too massive for the later half, is very well done.

The rest are realists, and less soothing writers. Mr. Buchanan is the most original in manner and rather mannered in his originality. He tells the story of a very ordinary young woman in Belfast who marries a very ordinary reporter. The reporter dies. She goes to London, becomes a typist, has a love affair,

A drowsy numbness

pains many people who try to puzzle out problems of Economics for themselves; yet this important science can have a fascination of its own if presented in the right way. Two points about Arthur Birnie's half-crown *Economics in Outline* are (1) its lively style, and (2) its full index, which gives it, within its limits, permanent value for reference purposes.

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LONGMANS

marries again, tries to escape—it is the record of an ordinary life, its holidays, worries, commonplace frustrations and gnawing wishes, simply and briefly told. A lot of it is very adroit camera work, an album of small, clear pictures of contemporary life, and the pictures are the unremarkable ones that a very ordinary woman would have taken, but touched by the novelist's sensibility to their feeling.

> Rose watched the other girls, observed their dress, their way of smiling at the men.
>
> The sea in front was very quiet, or perhaps they had grown accustomed to it and did not notice its sound, as one becomes accustomed to a clock.

Without this minimum of interpretation the snapshots would remain snapshots, and that is the danger of Mr. Buchanan's desire to cut narrative down to the bone and not to know more than Rose knows. For the rest what he has done is to reduce the superfluous fat of "literature"; to give us our world and not the world of literary tradition. Such simplicity is refreshing, though it has a pretentiousness of its own; where do detachment and lucidity begin and a rather arch, touch-me-not puritanism end, in this method? And I think that there is a note of condescension in his feeling for ordinary people; though their significance—and there is no point in writing about ordinary people unless they are given significance—as he correctly and observantly shows, is in their relation to the society which keeps them quietly and firmly frustrated. Here he is excellent. Some may find this tendencious and adroit collection of notes sentimental and irritating; it is certainly too trite and general in its references; but I found it very readable and I think most novelists ought to get hold of a copy, especially the long-winded ones.

Mr. Darnell is unexpected also. We are used to the political working man, the man with the stern chin, the eyes avid for justice, and the tongue, alas, contorted in a turgid struggle with the proper ideology. Mr. Darnell gives us the more human, frail and genial soul, the snappy mechanic and boss-driven lorry driver. Tod Wiley works for a Jew in the street markets, fights, swears and talks a strange dialect, a mixture of the streets and films, and, by a series of accidents, falls in hopeless love with the wealthy daughter of a lawyer. This is, in Mr. Darnell's hands, something of a W. W. Jacobs' story, and, slapdash as he is, he has such an ear for talk and such an eye for unusual but thoroughly real people that I think he might turn out to be a new working-class humorist. The trouble is the old one—"the toff." Tod Wiley keeps his head with "the toffs," and I am not sure that Tod needs the compliment or that it is really a point in Mr. Darnell's favour. There is a good scene when Tod beats up the rowdies at the Evening Class, and the garage stuff is very good, too. Mr. Darnell ought to read some of the American writers; he has their vitality but not their skill.

After the rattle of Tod Wiley's Ford, Mr. Johan Bojer's story is remote. He is famous in Norway for a novel called *The Great Hunger*, but—perhaps the translation is at fault—there is a dimness and provinciality about the present book. The theme is interesting enough. An armament manufacturer, returning to his native town after making millions out of the European slaughter, is repentant; but his town asks him to invent a new gun which will slaughter even more people so as to revive its decaying trade. He is only alive when he is inventing guns; a peacemaker, he is a dying man. What is he to do? This dilemma and his solution of it are clearly stated, its ironies are not neglected. But the trial sub-plot at the story's end seemed to me preposterous and unnecessary, and the townspeople and Johan's two wives are shadows on the fringe of a vague moral exercise.

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After a prologue on the invention of gunpowder and the poison reeks of the Middle Ages, Herr Liepmann traces the discovery of poison gas, describes its use in the last war, tells us how, where, and in what quantities it is being produced to-day, enumerates its different forms and their effects, discusses and dismisses alleged methods of protection, and ends with an epilogue on the possibility of the use of microbes in the next war to infect the enemy's civilian population with plague.

The horrors of gas are sufficiently familiar by now, but in the course of Herr Liepmann's exceedingly thorough and painstaking work—it is perhaps the most complete study of gas warfare in all its phases that has yet appeared—a number of new points emerge. For example, the sources of Herr Liepmann's remarkably detailed information are for the most part concealed. These concealed sources are, we are told, men who occupy high positions "in the domain of international war-chemistry." One is a member of the French Ministry of War, another is on the German General Staff, another is a United States Senator, another a German chemist. All, it appears, voluntarily provided the material upon which the book is based, presumably because they thought that there was a faint possibility that its publication might give the peoples pause in their preparations for painfully destroying one another. (It is difficult to understand why, in the light of the teaching of history, they should have thought this.) The names of these persons are deposited under seal in the safe of an American lawyer.

Again, when Herr Liepmann decided to write this book, many persons, chemists, army men and politicians, wrote to dissuade, others to threaten him. They used, broadly, two arguments. First, the effects of gas warfare have been much exaggerated. In the last war fewer persons were killed by gas than by any other method of destruction; in fact only one per cent. of the war casualties, and only six per cent. of the injured were gassed. Herr Liepmann has little difficulty in disposing of this argument which, he points out, depends upon "cooked" statistics. In the last war only one gas shell was discharged for every two thousand explosive shells. He concludes that the lethal effect of a gas shell was twenty times that of an explosive shell, and gas warfare was then admittedly in its infancy.

Secondly, it is said that there are effective methods of protection against gas; if there are not now, there soon will be. Therefore it is silly and cruel to alarm people needlessly. A large part of

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Herr Liepmann's book is devoted to an examination of this contention, and he shows convincingly that there is no defence now, and that there is not likely to be in the future. For example, let your gas mask be as expensive and efficient as possible, Blue Cross gas, which is composed of exceedingly minute particles, will penetrate it. The wearer, experiencing all the sensations of suffocation, will tear off the mask and Green Cross gas will then finish him off quickly and painfully. "The mixture of gases which is now being most abundantly prepared in the laboratories of the world is one of Blue Cross and Green Cross." Again, there are gases, Lewisite and mustard gas, which penetrate the clothing and poison the skin. A method has now been perfected of concentrating these gases in bombs which can be dropped from aeroplanes. Unless, therefore, one wears an oilskin protection suit, suitably impregnated, one's gas mask gives no assurance of safety. But even the impregnated oilskin suit protects only against mustard gas and remains effective only for four hours.

The general conclusion of the whole examination may be given in Herr Liepmann's words:

> The more elaborate the experiments that have been made to discover protection against gas, the more obvious has it become that there is no effective protection whatever. The horrible facts are only too well known to experts and are admitted in official documents.

Other interesting facts are the experiments that are now being conducted in many countries with a view to ascertaining the effects of different kinds of gas upon human beings, and the adequacy of different forms of protection. British soldiers allow themselves to be experimented on at Porton at a payment of 1*s.* 6*d.* per test, and an allowance of extra leave. The casualties among men experimented on in Germany are estimated by Herr Liepmann to exceed by 400 per cent. those that occur in American factories devoted to the same purposes, the reasons being that workers in Germany have no right to self-protection, and that preparations for chemical warfare are being pushed forward in Germany at a much greater rate than in any other country. In the destruction stakes Germany easily leads the field.

In this connection attention might be called to a bull point for anti-vivisectionists. When they object to the torture of dogs and rabbits, they are countered by a reference to the enormous alleviation of human suffering in the causation of which the torture of dogs and rabbits has played a demonstrable part. There is something to be said for hurting some animals in order that many human beings may not be hurt. But the experiments which are conducted on animals in poison gas factories—"from one to three drops of Lewisite sprinkled on the belly of a rat, kills the creature in from one to three hours with signs of such exquisite suffering that one is sorry that it does not die sooner"—are directed to increasing efficiency not in saving, but in slaughtering human beings. Really, the anti-vivisectionists should do something about it.

Herr Liepmann's book suffers from a certain over-excitement. He writes, if I may mix my metaphors, perpetually at the top of his voice, but his theme certainly justifies excitement. He backs up his most terrifying statements with documentary evidence of unimpeachable authority, and much in the way of indignation may be allowed to a man who escaped from a German concentration camp with a kidney smashed by continual beatings.

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A GREAT MAN?

Pascal, the Life of Genius. By MORRIS BISHOP. *Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the first sentence of this book Mr. Bishop throws out a challenge. "Blaise Pascal," he says, "was simply one of the greatest men that have ever lived." Now this is a very fine remark with which to begin a book. It is provocative, and it excites curiosity. But it is also a big assumption, and one which needs to be carefully and convincingly substantiated. To me at least a "great man" is one who has added something, not merely to the knowledge, but to the potential good of mankind, and did Pascal in fact do so?

Already Mr. Bishop's summary of Pascal's achievement, immediately following this debatable sentence, is disappointing and puts one on the defensive. Pascal, he tells us, discovered mathematics at twelve and wrote a treatise on conic sections at sixteen; at nineteen he invented the first calculating machine; he gave a law to physics, proved the existence of the vacuum, created the mathematical theory of probability, and speculated on the infinitesimal calculus. At thirty-one he abandoned mathematics but for a brief excursion into the problems of the cycloid, and turned to theology. He wrote brilliantly in defence of the Jansenists, a sect which for dismalness may compete with Calvinism, gave a new style to French literature, invented a method of teaching reading, and organised the first bus service. "In the lucid moments of cruel illness he wrote his *Pensées* . . . thoughts which have affected the mental cast of three centuries, thoughts which still stir and work and grow in modern minds. He died at thirty-nine."

Is this greatness? Prodigiously clever, no doubt, but that is not the same thing. Pascal's claim to greatness must rest, not on his mathematics, but on his personality and his *Pensées*. And had Mr. Bishop been less honest than he is, he could probably have made a quite convincing case on these two grounds, by careful interpretation and skilful blurring of what is too unpleasant. But Mr. Bishop is quite painfully conscientious. For all his admiration he sees Pascal as he was, arrogant, spiteful, self-centred, without a drop of the milk of human kindness. Of his treatment of Saint-Ange Mr. Bishop writes, "He wrecked the career of a scholar and an excellent servant of God and the Church by methods that look disloyal and uncharitable. He did so hastily, opposing his own trifling knowledge of theology to that of an erudite, if not judicious, student. He showed the merciless intolerance of one to whom truth has been revealed by the channel of grace." True, he goes on to excuse his hero: Pascal had never "heard of sportsmanship; he knew only the sacredness of truth and the iniquity of error." But he had heard: "Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do." Of Pascal at twenty-five we read that he "must have been a simply insufferable young man," and on the evidence we agree. Of Pascal in his maturity we have a very similar picture. We find him bullying Charlotte Gouffier into the Church in a way that is neither edifying nor pretty: "he seems to believe that everyone is called to renounce the life of the world. Convinced of salvation himself, he displays the smugness of the saved." And again: "He is harrying into a convent one whom (as we assume) he had failed to obtain for his own." Of course Mr. Bishop finds an excuse. "He was certain

that he was acting for Charlotte's good." The bother with Pascal was that he was always certain.

If then Pascal's character be truly represented as cold, mean, and egotistic, and Mr. Bishop draws his conclusions from Pascal's actions and Pascal's words, in what way was he great? Perhaps in his *Pensées*, those thoughts that still "stir and work and grow in modern minds." Of course many of these thoughts are true, horribly true. Whatever Pascal was, he was not stupid. But what kind of gift to humanity is that which teaches that hatred is man's natural attitude to man, and that indeed to love your neighbour is not only impossible but wicked, since it distracts you from your love of God? That sickness and suffering are the natural condition of a Christian? That God allows the world to continue only in order to exercise his elect? That to love "the poor" is Christian humility, but to try to improve their condition presumptuous?

It is time that all this academic adulation of the illustrious dead were discouraged. Pascal was a genius and, alas, an important influence in the development of European thought. And Mr. Bishop has written a book which may safely be recommended to students as a fair and careful introduction to Pascal. To talk of greatness is folly. What respect, what admiration can one feel for the humanity of one who, in the supreme moment of God's revelation of himself, could exclaim:

"Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee.
Joy, joy, joy, tears of joy."

For all his command of language he cannot rise above the cheap complacency of that Revivalist hymn, popular in Shetland and doubtless other places when I was a child:

Oh, that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,
When in that place I shall gaze on His face,
That will be glory,
Be glory for me!

FLORA GRIERSON

THE SECOND FIVE YEAR PLAN

The Second Five Year Plan for the Development of the National Economy of the U.S.S.R., 1933-1937. Translated by I. B. LASKER and JOHN SWIFT. *Lawrence and Wishart*. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

It is unfortunate that official information on developments in the U.S.S.R. is usually very late in appearing in English. Already attention in the U.S.S.R. is concentrated on the Third Five Year Plan which begins next January. This very informative volume on the Second Plan will not, therefore, be of special value to the student who wishes to follow day-to-day events in Russia, although it does provide a useful historical record of policies and aims, backed up by lavish statistical data, such as will not be found elsewhere within the covers of a single book.

The reader who is more concerned with actual achievements than with projects will turn with special interest to the preface on the fulfilment of the Plan from 1933–1935 contributed by Mr. Mezhlauk, Chairman of the State Planning Commission and recently appointed Chief of the Commissariat for Heavy Industry. Mr. Mezhlauk summarises the aims of the Second Plan under three main heads: (*a*) the building of a classless socialist society; (*b*) the completion of technical reconstruction throughout the whole of the national economy; and (*c*) a rapid improvement in the standard of material well-being and culture among the population. The first, he claims, has been practically assured by the completion of the process of collectivisation in agriculture, the final elimination of the private trader, and the great increase in labour productivity brought about by the Stakhanov movement, while satisfactory progress is also claimed under the second and third heads.

Separate sections of the book are devoted to a descriptive and statistical exposition of the Second Plan in all the different spheres of the national economy. Industry receives a considerable amount of attention, as one would expect. The First Plan having established many new industries and greatly extended existing industries, it becomes the duty of the Second Plan to consolidate this great work. The ambitious nature of the industrial aims of the Second Plan may be gauged from the expectation that the end of that period will place Russia first among European countries in such important branches of industry as the generation of electricity, the manufacture of machine tools, motor trucks,

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The importance of industry as an essential basis for the reorganisation of agriculture on a collective foundation is seen in the provision in the Second Plan for the increasing mechanisation of all agricultural processes, for the development of schemes of irrigation, and for ensuring adequate supplies of mineral fertilisers to the collective farms. The First Plan laid down the general framework for collectivisation and overcame the early resistance of the peasants to the new system. Here a detailed examination is made of the Government's proposals for the Second Plan, which aim at completing the socialist reconstruction of agriculture and at raising productivity to a much higher level.

Special interest attaches to the section on Transport, since this is a centenary year for Russian railways. The latter have for many years been a "narrow place" in the Russian economy, holding back progress, but it is asserted that this handicap was overcome during the Second Plan, thanks to generous measures of technical re-equipment and electrification as well as to reforms in the system of administration. Disappointingly little is said about the progress of aviation. Further chapters deal with labour questions, finance, cultural developments, cost and quality of production, while over a hundred pages at the end of the book are devoted to statistical tables and lists of names of individuals concerned with the Plan.

This volume has the defects of a compilation which is largely factual and statistical, and the inquiring reader will find that it leaves many of his questions unanswered. Has the standard of living of the population risen to correspond with the undoubted economic progress made in recent years, or has it, as some observers assert, mysteriously lagged behind? What have been the effects of Russia's gigantic plans of rearmament, introduced in the middle of the Second Plan in response to the growing menace from Germany in the West and Japan in the East? They must have been considerable, but no mention of them is made here. As a book of reference, the volume is a mine of information, and, as such, is to be warmly welcomed. Readers who are in search of a critical exposition of Soviet aims and developments will be well advised to look for it elsewhere.

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PURCELL

Purcell. By J. A. WESTRUP. (Master Musicians. Edited by Eric Blom.) *Dent.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

I hope all musical people are making use of the revised "Master Musicians" Series, whose energetic editor has not only brought up to date several of the original volumes and written himself the most useful study of Mozart that exists in English, but commissioned many wholly new works, the most notable of which so far are Marion Scott's *Beethoven*, Lockspeiser's *Debussy*, and Einstein's *Gluck*. The books are charmingly produced, well illustrated, and—a most important and expensive feature—lavishly supplied with examples in music type. Yet each one, about 300 pages in length, costs only 4*s.* 6*d.* They are, in fact, a bargain of the best sort.

In this series Mr. Westrup's *Purcell* breaks new ground and is a work of entirely original scholarship. He had not far to go before he discovered how complacently biographers repeat each other. The composer's father is not, as has always been stated, Henry but Thomas Purcell. The evidence for his paternity (a manuscript letter of Thomas Purcell's now in Tokio) is perfectly clear, and its existence has been known at least since 1881. But it conflicts with Hawkins' statement that the composer's father was *Henry* Purcell; and, rather than check the source of Hawkins' information, *Grove* and everybody else have clumsily reconciled the two statements by a lot of talk about Purcell's "adoption by his uncle after his father's death." Mr. Westrup, running Hawkins' authority to earth in the Bodleian, finds it to be non-existent. Thomas or Henry: uncle or father: it may seem of no great importance to-day; but if we are going to write a biography, we may as well get the facts right. Very little is certainly known of Purcell's life beyond the tale of his official posts and activities under Charles II, James II and William III; scarcely anything that gives us a picture, or even a glimpse, of the man behind the singing-robes. Mr. Westrup refuses to embroider the facts: his biography is valuable because it puts everything straight and gets the facts right; or, if not right, as accurate as constant search in Treasury Books and Abbey Registers could make them.

Rather more than half the book is given to a study of the music; and here too Mr. Westrup's wide knowledge of seventeenth-century music in England, France, and Italy is most valuable. Though a Purcell enthusiast, he makes no exaggerated claims; and he has chosen his musical illustrations with so fine a taste that, when they are taken from unfamiliar compositions, we are always anxious to hear the rest; some of the choral passages from the Royal Birthday Odes are tremendously impressive. It is refreshing to find the author disinclined to go all out over *Dido and Aeneas*. It is not, he says, a flawless masterpiece; true, but most experts insist that it is, and we are grateful for his moderation. After this we can trust his judgments of works which are never given, though allowing ourselves a little scepticism about *King Arthur*; is it really "as a whole a singularly satisfying work"? Mr. Westrup warns us against judging the work by a concert performance; but in any surroundings there is much that will remain poor Dryden as well as poor Purcell.

It is inevitably with a sigh of regret that one closes any study of Purcell. In spite of all his melodic fertility, and the lovely richness of his inspiration and technique, there seems so little that we can adapt to our changed ways of living and music-making. The Sonatas come through well, but the early unaccompanied Fantasias are perhaps rather music to play than to hear. And then all those Odes of Welcome set to the silly jingles of poetasters; all those reams of incidental music to ephemeral plays; all those anthems with instrumental symphonies! And the typically British "operas" that are not real, full-blooded operas at all, but plays with a large proportion of music! They are all full of glorious things, but what are we to do with them? It is a question which no organisation but the B.B.C. can begin to answer.

Is it because Purcell died at the age of thirty-six that he was unable, by the personal weight of genius, to impose large and coherent art-forms upon his unwilling and lackadaisical countrymen? Partly, no doubt; for it was only fifteen years after his death that Addison was approving the Italian tradition of *durchkomponiert* opera,

> the Transition from an Air to Recitative Musick being more natural, than the passing from a Song to plain and ordinary Speaking, which was the common method in *Purcell's* Operas.

Addison saw that in 1711: could not Purcell have anticipated him by twenty years? If he did, public taste was too strong for

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him, and one of the most variously gifted composers who ever lived was partly wasted: it is as though Wagner had had to spend his life pouring as much of himself as he could into the forms of Meyerbeer and the librettos of Scribe. There is still much truth in the conclusion of Romain Rolland:

> Presque partout il resta incomplet; il ne chercha pas à briser les dernières barrières qui le séparaient de la perfection.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MARGINALIA

Life, Law, and Letters. By E. S. P. HAYNES. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Life, Law, and Letters is a supplement to the three anonymous *Lawyer's Notebooks*. Mr. Haynes does not reveal the identity of the author of those books, but explains that in this volume as in the others he has combined the material provided by a deceased friend and colleague who had a distaste for correcting typescript or proofs with material of his own.

This is a commonplace-book, most of which has the flavour of reported conversation. Opinions are stated epigrammatically and dogmatically, and then left unelaborated and undefended. Mr. Haynes and his friend do not believe in progress, hate industrialism, dislike pseudo-democratic institutions, share most of the beliefs of the Belloc-Chesterton conspiracy, and may perhaps be fairly described as humane reactionaries. They have some of the Blimp opinions without any of the Blimp motives. *Life, Law, and Letters* has a curiously dated tone. It is an expression of a Liberalism which has almost disappeared for lack of youthful crusaders. In an age when individualism is treated like a disease his cheerful non-conformity is refreshing.

Here is a cross-section of quotation. These from a defence of cruising on grounds of individual hedonism will give the atmosphere:

> In my legal world I am accustomed to alert intelligent faces, whereas our merchant princes for the most part resemble either fat bald monkeys or kindly hirsute gorillas. But I find more repose in contemplating this world of simian and most amiable respectability and overhearing the singular scraps of inane talk than in any approach to my ordinary surroundings (say) the Garrick or the Athenaeum or Lincoln's Inn. I am getting near the end of my sixth decade and have written about twenty-five books in thirty-five years of professional exertion with not more than five weeks' holiday in each year. My search of repose may be senile, but it is intelligible.
>
> I first read Gibbon right through in the Eton playing fields; but I have found it difficult to settle down to him in ordinary life, for he is an exile in the era of telephones and movies and will not tolerate momentary interruption.
>
> Crowd rule usually ends in the sort of episode that recently occurred in Germany when a rich manufacturer was sent to gaol for turning off the wireless when Hitler was speaking! An unusually brave Tory M.P. recently said in the House of Commons "I think democracy is a beastly and soulless tyranny."
>
> At a steward's concert he was "slightly shocked by some lines reflecting on the private morals of Queen Victoria."

His praise of Mr. Chesterton is unintentionally somewhat damaging:

> Mr. Chesterton uses all the weapons of Dr. Johnson in making his own opinions appear almost infallibly true, and in his earlier work he did sometimes use the appeal to common sense a little unfairly; but it is becoming difficult to catch him out now.

The Johnsonian technique of debate has taken its place more in the history of etiquette and parlour games than in the history of logic or politics. In reviewing Mr. Horobin's book against "planning," Mr. Haynes praises Sir Ernest Benn and attacks "bureaucracy" and ignorant politicians:

> There is undoubtedly evidence that human nature being what it is, many people are making money under the most hypocritical pretences of social welfare. Are we to suppose, for instance, that no Borough Councillor ever has any private interest in some new demolition scheme which forces a number of people to evacuate well-built cottages and houses which could easily be repaired and to live in gimcrack flats in a locality which puts them to grave inconvenience?

The reference to "human nature" and the accusation of corruption would be easier to agree to had we not just been told that planning is a catchword used to defend "some new form of imbecile interference with the workings of economic principles which are, after all, in the last resort based on human nature." The theological appeal to authority raises its ugly head.

The political aspect of the book is not, however, of paramount importance. The lawyer is really at his best when talking of the things he enjoys—wine, Bach, law, civilised conversation and the French. Only Marxists will be distressed by the assumption of social security which underlies the enthusiasm with which he discusses the minor pleasures of life. FREDERICK LAWS

THREE POETS

Calamiterror. By GEORGE BARKER. *Faber.* 5s.
A Further Range. Poems by ROBERT FROST. *Cape.* 5s.
To-morrow Will Be Different. By DANIEL GEORGE. *Cape.* 5s.

Here are three poets. I am afraid that not even a reviewer's ingenuity can link them together.

Jean Cocteau, in *Opium*, gives a remarkable account of the effects of disintoxication. He describes himself as lying in bed and *listening* to his body, in which great events are taking place; from moment to moment an age passes, skies collapse, kingdoms tower and vanish. I am reminded of these images by a type of modern verse in which the poet finds a universe in his own body:

> Under his lid the stalactite tear forms
> Pointing to sorrow wherever his eyeball veers;
> Chrysanthemums blossom from his bowels
> It is love flowering, and the lark nests
> In the socket of his eye, between his loins
> The phoenix flames, the tree leans from his arms.

That is typical of the quieter stanzas in Mr. George Barker's *Calamiterror*, a poem as awkward as its title; when the wind gets up whole landscapes dance with his liver and lights. Violence, physical gigantism, and a powerful self-disgust are expressed in a stream of images, and though in a sense the poem is an attempt to escape from self, it owes its force to personal obsessions. Horror is the fourth dimension of Mr. Barker's world. Sometimes it is given a striking form, but the apocalypse sinks with touches of the comic:

> It was on Sunday the 12th April I saw
> The figure of William Blake bright and huge . . . .
>
> I wondered why the Wyoming whipporwill
> The Shropshire lark and the glittering Oxford tree
> Sometimes should jangle boughs and execute music
> By the Babylonian stream I mean Ealing.

Such are the embarrassments to which Mr. Barker's rhetorical vision leads him; and as in all rhetoric with a tendency to crack we sense the collapse long before it comes. *Calamiterror* represents an over-inflated mood; the influences—Mr. Dylan Thomas and the Surrealists—are patent. Even where the verse breaks down into nutcracking lines:

> What when born upward breaking from heaven downward

(a line, by the way, four times repeated) the insensitiveness is still due to imitation. The worst that could be said of this poem is that it increases one's respect for Mr. Dylan Thomas. Nevertheless, though obsessed, muddled and to some extent derivative, *Calamiterror* has individual and striking passages.

A Further Range follows the *Selected Poems* published last autumn. To those who do not know the bulk of Frost's work its effect may seem slight, but it contains some admirable poems.

> I stole forth dimly in the dripping pause
> Between two downpours to see what there was.
> And a masked moon had spread down compass rays
> To a cone mountain in the midnight haze,
> As if the final estimate were hers,
> And as it measured in her calipers,
> The mountain stood exalted in its place.
> So love will take between the hands a face.

It is not often that Frost chooses so lyrical a moment and so pretty a scene as he does here, but unfortunately in reviewing one has to quote for immediate effect, and it is difficult to find short passages which will convey Frost's essential qualities without exaggerating his flatness. He has the homely virtues of Crabbe—truthfulness, love of plain statement and the common life, and a sly naivety of wit—without, I may say, Crabbe's grim melancholy. His New England landscapes and country folk are seen with a plain though teasing eye, which never exaggerates. That is rare enough in a poet to be exciting, although a recital of Frost's qualities may seem dull. Personally I find him a very good writer to fall back on.

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Mr. Daniel George is the author of those two admirably individual anthologies, *A Peck of Troubles* and *Pick and Choose*. His publishers have reissued a poem, *To-morrow Will Be Different*, which appeared several years ago and almost completely escaped notice. It is as full of quotations as *The Waste Land*. I like particularly :

> Il faut aimer très jeune les très belles choses,
> Comme ça on a plus de temps pour s'en dégoûter.
> Comme dit Debussy.

And :

> Lord Avebury once said :
> No one would sit and drink in a pub
> If he knew how delightful it was
> To sit and think in a field. . . .
> Personally, I incline towards
> Lord Alvanley's chief pleasure—
> To sit in a club window,
> And watch it rain on the damned people.

To-morrow Will Be Different might be described as the record of a day written by a joking Stephen Daedalus. The thought-stream is in verse—jingling, tentative, parodic verse, crammed with tags—as the poet improvises in his bath, looks at the staring egg on his plate, goes for a walk, and pays an afternoon call on friends. It is an individual, hectic, witty and highly allusive performance. And it makes one laugh. Mr. George's own word for himself is " monkey poet."

G. W. STONIER

AN APOSTLE OF LAISSER-FAIRE

Economic Planning and International Order. By LIONEL ROBBINS, Professor of Economics in the University of London. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone who has read Professor Robbins's earlier works will know well from the title of this volume what to expect. Nor will his expectations be falsified. He will find here a series of diatribes against planning of every sort and kind—though the argument is directed especially against international planning, and constitutes in effect an impassioned plea for a return to " international liberalism " in the economic field. Professor Robbins begins with an attack on " independent national planning," which he regards as the concomitant of economic nationalism, and denounces on account of its tendency to destroy the " free market " and abolish the advantages of international specialisation. In this section he attacks in turn the attempts to control investment, the distortion of the economic structure by tariffs and other protective devices, such as the quantitative regulation of imports, and the restrictions on the free movement of migrants from one country to another. In the next section he directs his batteries first against bilateral trade agreements, which he regards as narrowing the possible range of specialisation and therefore leading to the misdirection of productive resources, and then against international cartels and similar agreements for sharing out the market in particular commodities between the producers of different countries. This section ends with a frontal attack upon all attempts at international regulation of wages or hours as necessarily destructive of the natural correspondence between earnings and productivities under the conditions of the free market.

In the third section, Professor Robbins turns his attention to the idea of a completely planned and unified world economy under a system of communism. He is here repeating and summarising arguments already familiar from the writings of Barone and von Mises—contending, broadly, that a communist system can have no basis for determining the right economic use of the available resources because such a basis can be found only in the competitive pricing of the factors of production in a free market ; and this, *ex hypothesi*, cannot exist in a completely unified communist world. Finally, Professor Robbins makes an eloquent appeal on behalf of international liberalism as the policy best suited to save the world from disaster, and winds up with a plea for a return to an international banking system free from political interference and a vigorous attack on the nationalist spirit now manifesting itself so strongly in economic as well as political policies over most of the world.

Professor Robbins is often eloquent ; and many of his arguments are, on his premises, irrefutable. The weaknesses of his book are, first, that, in its denunciation of contemporary economic follies, it too readily assumes that the " free market " would in practice yield all the advantages which can be shown to appertain to it in a frictionless imaginary world of economic abstractions and secondly that it assumes throughout, not merely that the consumer is the best judge of what he wants, but that money demand based on the capitalist system of distribution in accordance with " marginal productivities " will, in fact, yield the most satisfactory allocation of consuming power. If this basic assumption is denied, as it well may be, much of the argument—at any rate as far as it is directed against communist forms of planning—simply falls to the ground.

G. D. H. COLE

TURKISH JOURNEY

Allah Dethroned. By LILO LINKE. *Constable.* 15*s.*

The dust jacket of Miss Linke's book includes a composite photograph of Kemal Ataturk and the Shah of Persia driving past the Exhibition palace in Ankara (Angora). This picture epitomises the view Miss Linke has taken of modern Turkey. The Exhibition Palace represents the modern façade, the lath-and-plaster technocratic surface which is sweeping Mohammedanism away. The two autocrats ride side by side, but while the Shah leans back in military uniform, stiffly saluting, the Gazi dressed in City clothes is pointing earnestly forward. In this shifting of the emphasis from the soldier to the director, Miss Linke, though a devoted democrat, has found it possible to admire a thoroughly undemocratic republic. Turkey is thoroughly undemocratic—the one attempt at forming an opposition party was such a nuisance that it had to be given up—but :—

> Militarism and a nationalist education and one political party led by a deified man—why had I left Nazi Germany if I accepted these things here without protest. Because they had a different meaning and a different spirit. Because Turkey wants to reach unity by education where Germany upholds it by terrifying force. . . . Because the crescent and star will never be carried in a hostile spirit beyond Turkey's borders, whilst the Swastika, unless someone summons up the spirit to check it, will soon wave over a shell-holed Europe.

Turkey's backwardness is the reassuring element, like Russia's wealth. Turkey has few industries, and no manufactured exports for which it is necessary to find markets. Industry is mostly in the hands of the State—and what profits are not spent on German armaments are quite altruistically spent on German engineering improvements that will benefit the country as a whole. As in Russia, the dictatorship is necessary to the forcing process. Bridges and railways go forward with campaigns against malaria and trachoma, with education and emancipation. The establishment of a great textile and clothing industry is part of the new five-year plan, and soon the Turks, having learnt to address one another as Bay and Bayan (the edict introducing this form of Mr. and Mrs. came into force while Miss Linke was in Turkey) and to keep Sunday Sabbatical, will be wearing European-like jackets, pants and frocks of their own making. " Learn to read and write, keep yourselves clean and tidy, wake up out of your slavery, you will get dresses, intelligent husbands and beautiful children," declaimed an energetic major to a crowd of peasant girls who stood gawping at Miss Linke's Garbo-like blondness. And all through Turkey it is the same thing. Ataturk's nationalism has released a kinetic enthusiasm. Ataturk's speeches have taken the place of the Koran and are recited with quite religious fervour. " Past is dark, we had war. . . . Then came sun—Ataturk. Sun pushed away all dark. Sun made new Turkey. Now we follow Ataturk—ileri, ileri daimar ileri (forward, forward, always forward) " answered a young enthusiast when Miss Linke, at Trebizond, said she would like to see the remains of Trabezos. In Adana another attempted to stop her snapping a group of working men whom he considered a bad advertisement for his country. Everywhere there were these young Turks who believed in the future of their country and who were happy to take part in the work of construction in spite of the sacrifices it demanded from them.

Miss Linke travelled light and cheaply, riding in alarming lorries (loaded with anything up to twenty-five at a time), staying in small inns and being friendly to everyone. Her fairness and her solitariness attracted a great many compliments in stammered French from Turks, whose love-life, she learned, was somewhat circumscribed. She went all over Turkey, bathed in the Black Sea, held hands over towards the Russian border, ate German meals with the wives of engineers near the Euphrates, and in Gireson, the little town that gives its name to cherries, she met the world authority on hazel nuts. She was introduced to Bay Mehmet Coban, the wrestler hero of all Turkey, on a railway

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CAMBRIDGE. 1066 And All That. Th., Sat.
COLISEUM. On Your Toes. Last Mat., Sat.
COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., Fri.
DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUKE OF YORK'S. Night Alone. Sat.
GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Tues., Thurs.
GLOBE. The Constant Wife. Wed. & Thurs.
HIPPODROME. "Big Business." Th., Sat.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
LITTLE. The Ascent of F.6. Thurs. & Sat.
MERCURY. In Theatre Street. Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. He Was Born Gay. Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. A Ship Comes Home. T., F.
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FOR THE TABLE

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journey, and on the same trip a commercial traveller suddenly appeared and poured an "awful fluid" over her hands, remarking:

> Would the lady mention in her gazette that on her journey through Turkey an amiable fellow traveller had refreshed her by wetting her hands with the produce of the famous Istanbul firm X Y Z and added "The lady can call me uncle."

But though she saw a fair amount of the country and its people this way, she was for the most part restricted by roads and governors. The grim majestic landscape, wild mountain ranges and the unnavigable rivers are the background for a story which the difficulties of language and the impossibility of escaping supervision (for the Turks are still very suspicious) has given a somewhat official tone. The plentiful notes fill out details of history and constitution that are not explained in the text. There are 81 illustrations, a map and a translation of the "Republican People's Party" (the only political party) programme.

ROYAL LETTERS

The Royal Letter Book. Edited by HERBERT VAN THAL. *Cresset Press.* 15s.

In his introduction to this entertaining anthology of English Royal letters, Mr. Arthur Bryant declares that "the people of England, and later of Great Britain, have been singularly fortunate in their sovereigns." And Mr. van Thal's succinct notes seem designed to encourage this pleasing belief. But between Henry VI and Victoria it is difficult to detect any English monarch whose conduct, judged by the standards of his time, could be called gentlemanly. (There was, of course, Lady Jane Grey, but she was got rid of after a reign of only nine days.) The Tudors were brutal, the Stuarts treacherous, the Hanoverians gross. Queen Victoria was one of the most indefatigable of all letter-writers and her correspondence is fascinating in its own way as that of Madame de Sévigné or of Horace Walpole. Of her predecessors, Queen Elizabeth was her closest rival in this respect: her letters are remarkable both for eloquence and for forcefulness. Best of them perhaps is the well-known letter to the Bishop of Ely:

> Proud Prelate,
> You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you by God. ELIZABETH

The letters of James I written jointly to the future Charles I and to George Villiers are very entertaining: "Your poor old Dad is lamer than ever he was, both of his right knee and foot, and writes all this out of his naked bed: God Almighty bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you a safe, happy return." And it would, no doubt, be unduly strait-laced to complain that these letters are in dubious taste, since James's feelings for one of these "sweet boys" were anything but paternal. Mary of Modena's appeal to Lewis the Fourteenth, written in 1688 from Calais, is admirably phrased: "A poor fugitive queen, bathed in tears, has exposed herself to the utmost perils of the sea, in her distress, to seek for consolation and an asylum, from the greatest monarch in the world. Her evil fortune promises her a happiness of which the greatest nations in the world are ambitious." Mr. van Thal includes a very gay, rattling letter—one of the best in the book—from George IV's unlucky and ridiculous Queen, and George V is represented chiefly by his Jubilee speech in reply to addresses from the Houses of Parliament. To say of this, as Mr. van Thal does, that "there can be found no better example of the purity and beauty of the English language" is preposterous. But the speech is very skilfully written, and it would be interesting to know who was—or more probably who *were*—responsible for its style. *The Royal Letter Book* is well selected, well illustrated and well printed: congratulations are due both to Mr. van Thal and his publisher. R. M.

OVER THE BORDER

Modern Scotland. By CICELY HAMILTON. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Launched by her publisher on an odyssey over the post-war world, Miss Cicely Hamilton has given Scotland the "once over" and is urbanely gratified to discover no evidence of anti-English racial animosity north of the Border. There is an unspellable Scots word of assent, transliterated commonly as "Mm'phm," which is sometimes the valid equivalent of America's "Sez you." Miss Hamilton is too reasonable and civilised a person to excite animosities, and it is easy to see why she failed to understand how the English are disliked in Scotland. Her lack of understanding in this respect, however, has not prevented her writing a very sane and readable little book on the problems which beset Scotland, north and south of the Highland Line.

For these problems she essays no solution; she is content to play the part of sympathetic reporter of things seen and told to her by others. But though *Modern Scotland* is a somewhat flimsy sketch, it has the merit of recognising that Scotland is not adequately represented either by a picture postcard of Prince Charlie's Monument in Glen Shiel or by the statistics of steel produced in Lanarkshire. Miss Hamilton appreciates the central difficulty which confronts the Scottish nationalist movement: that Scotland to-day is a country in which the Highlands—over half the physical area—hold less than one-twelfth of the population, while more than 50 per cent. of the inhabitants are concentrated (in conditions of unspeakable slum overcrowding) in the narrow industrial belt between Forth and Clyde.

For half Scotland the economic desideratum is a peasant renaissance—small holdings fortified by co-operative sheep-farming and sustained by improved communications, cheap electricity and discriminating encouragement of tourist traffic. North of Perth, sentimental and economic conceptions of nationalism join hands; fiscal autonomy, based largely on an export tax on whiskey, could be made to support tolerably an agricultural State, embracing small-scale rural industries, on limited Sinn Fein lines. South of Perth, Scotland—save for isolated areas in Galloway and the Border Country—is a land essentially dependent on international trade, with a percentage of cyclical and endemic unemployment insupportable in times of depression without assistance from the English Treasury.

Into the possibilities financially of autarky for Scotland Miss Hamilton does not enter deeply, nor does she grapple in any detail with the vital question whether the Highlands can be made to support a crofter population enjoying a standard of life sufficiently attractive to counteract the fatal magnetism of the cities on the young folk of the glens. But she outlines sympathetically and with understanding the difficulties under which Scotland labours—administration from far-distant Whitehall, absentee landlordism, the immoderate influx under capitalism of the scum of Catholic Ireland into the Clyde valley. For those who want to appreciate the emotional and economic background of the Scottish Home Rule movement her book is an agreeable, if not very profound, introduction to problems inherited and current. A. V.

SHORTER NOTICES

The French War Machine. By SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

This useful little book contains a large number of valuable facts and figures; but it is not as well arranged as it might be. Much of the information is drowned in a mass of old parliamentary discussions on this or that military problem—discussions many of which are only of small immediate interest. At the same time, Mr. Davis neglects the very vital controversy that has been in progress in France—since the publication of Lieut.-General Gaulle's *Armée de Métier*, three years ago, and especially since the fiasco of March 7th, 1936—for and against the creation of a professional army. This problem was the central theme in the great five-day National Defence debate at the Chamber last January.

Mr. Davis rightly points out that the Blum Government "is wisely confining its efforts to improving the army's equipment" and it will certainly continue to concentrate—though not to the extent desired by the advocates of the professional army—on mechanisation and motorisation. But since France, as she well knows, can never equal Germany's effectives, it is impossible to agree with Mr. Davis's forecast. "It is difficult to see how the Blum Government could resist a real demand for the three years' service. Indeed, it may in the end be its Left supporters who will force it through."

Mr. Davis gives in his last chapter an excellent general view of the distribution of political and military forces in Europe, emphasising the present incapacity of France and Britain to resist the blackmail of the Fascist states, but perhaps underrating Soviet Russia as a military factor, and exaggerating somewhat France's indecision in the event of a German attack on Czechoslovakia. Especially in the last few months, since Germany's open intervention in Spain, the conviction has steadily been growing in France that both peace and war are "indivisible," and that, in spite of all the risks and drawbacks, France cannot afford to allow Germany a free hand in the East. There is good reason to believe that Germany has received a warning from France that war on Czechoslovakia means war on France.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

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Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Humanity (Latin). Stipend £250–£300 according to previous experience.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names of references, should be lodged not later than June 15th, 1937.

J. S. MUIRHEAD,
Secretary, University Court.

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W. M. GIBBONS, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Professor of Economics. Salary £850 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1937.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 17th, 1937.

EDWIN DREW,
Singleton Park, Swansea. Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

CHAIR OF LOGIC.

The University Court give notice of an impending vacancy in the Chair of Logic and Rhetoric, and of their intention to fill the vacancy as from October 1st, 1937, or such later date as may be arranged.

Information regarding the Chair may be obtained on application to the undersigned, with whom applications should be lodged not later than June 19th, 1937.

May, 1937. J. S. MUIRHEAD,
Secretary of University Court.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S APPOINTMENTS BOARD.

A small number of students are available as holiday tutors and children's companions in the Summer vacation. Application should be made to:

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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION is about to appoint one or two travelling secretaries, with headquarters, in the first instance, in the North of England. Salary £400 per annum with travelling allowances. Applications on the prescribed form (which can be obtained, together with the conditions of the appointment, by sending a stamped addressed envelope, foolscap size, to THE SECRETARY, League of Nations Union, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.) Must reach the Secretary not later than Friday, June 18th.

PARIS. Permanent resident position with English staff. Age 22–24. First-class public school and Oxford or Cambridge. Work consists of giving private English lessons to French men and women by the Simpli-Spelt method, and of research in the phonetics of English conversation. Write with details of school and University record to SIMPLI-SPELT, 5 rue Daru, Paris 8e.

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NOTICE TO Classified Advertisers

OWING to the steady increase of Classified Advertisements the Advertisement Manager regrets that it is no longer practical to accept telephone dictations on Wednesdays. Exception will be made only in cases of genuine urgency. Advertisers can materially help the Department by sending their instructions as early in the week as possible, and never later than first post Wednesday morning.

The Advertisement Manager,
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

EDUCATED German girl (17) wants to meet English girl. Box 795, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FRENCH conversation, etc., by Licenciée (Paris). Ring TER 4917 between 8.30–9.30 a.m. or 1–2.30 p.m.

NOT London area or Suburbia. Young writer requires bedroom and small sitting-room, chez young congenial family (no children), living South or West England. Moderate charges essential. Box 796, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FROEBEL mistress requires holiday post August. Any job, anywhere. Abroad preferred. St. Peter's, Seaford.

WANTED. The loan of a good office typewriter for six months, or the duration of the Spanish War. Holborn and W.C. London Committee for Spanish Medical Aid, 6 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

CANOE trip, France or Germany, July. Young man wants another to fill second seat. Box 785, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MOTHER with 13 months' boy would like help while doing sculpture. GILBERT, 11 Myddelton Square, E.C.1. TER 1334.

WANTED for an interesting sales post, a cultured woman under 30 years of age who is interested in modern art. Special knowledge is less important than initiative and tact. Box 786, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE ROEL SUMMER SCHOOL OF PUPPETRY, to be held at Lower Guiting in the Cotswolds, July 31st to August 14th and August 14th to August 28th. For particulars apply to JOHN VINDEN, 79 Ryland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

ANTHONY PANTING regrets delay or inconvenience caused by his absence, and will return to 5 Paddington Street on June 9th.

NUDIST CLUB, central London, both sexes, Artificial sun. Also woodland Sun-Park. Box 731, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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"THE SUNDAY THEATRE," Dame Marie Tempest, Patron, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, President, has been formed to present stimulating plays with a message helpful to humanity. A GREAT NEED. Membership increasing. Would welcome active support of public-spirited patrons. PLAY COMPETITION. Write MAY HAYSAC, 39 Fursecroft, Bryanston Square, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHEN IN OXFORD be photographed by HELENA THORNHILL, 23 Commarket Street. Telephone Oxford 4444.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"SCRUTATOR" in the *SUNDAY TIMES*.

Once a week, in the *Sunday Times*, the experienced commentator on current events who calls himself "Scrutator" gives his view of the most important occurrence of the moment. It is a reasoned view, and it gives all the facts which can be desired by the reader who wants to form a view of his own.

Specimen copy on application to the PUBLISHER, *Sunday Times* (Dept. N.S.), 200 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA. "Of value to all serious students of Soviet affairs."—*The Times*. No. 3 just out. 1s., or post free 1s. 3*d.* Publishers: 92 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

Scandinavian Archaeology. By HAAKON SHETELIG and HJALMAR FALK. Translated by E. V. GORDON. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

Here is the story of Scandinavia, its peoples and their cultures, from the end of the Ice Age, when palaeolithic hunters from the south were living on the skirts of the receding ice sheet, down to the time of the Vikings. This story, as told by Professor Shetelig and the late Professor Falk, demonstrates alike the admirable work of the Scandinavian field archaeologist from which the data derive, and the skill with which the facts have been marshalled and interpreted in the present collaboration. The authors are not disposed to accept anywhere a definite break with the past. In their story the Maglemose and Kitchen-Midden peoples meet and mingle, the Megalith builders come from the west and are accepted, the Battle Axe people come from the south, and at last, welded together, the people march through the bronze age and the age of iron, having their culture influenced by Rome and the East, by Germany, Ireland, and England. Nothing is missed in this survey. The spade of the archaeologist is made to turn up more than bones and artifacts, and without straining the evidence much of the life and thought of the stone age is revealed. The translation reads like an original. The illustrations are numerous and good.

The New Pacifism. Edited by GERALD K. HIBBERT. *Allenson.* 2s. 6d.

This volume has seven contributors and is excellent. Mr. Gerald Heard indicates the new awareness of the moral insanity of war; Mr. Aldous Huxley shows that humanism is not enough, and that a belief in immanent and transcendent Deity is essential; Mr. A. A. Milne exposes the stupidity of the churches; Mr. Beverley Nichols points to the actual facts of warfare; Mr. Horace Alexander observes that it is the silent millions of China, India and Africa, not the Germans or the Japanese, who are the real "have-nots"; Mr. Carl Heath examines the real meaning of co-operation; Canon Sheppard concludes with an appeal of real religious power. The pacifists' next step should be to study the implications of the idea of world government based on the general will, and to "infect" mankind with their conclusions. "Opinion is Queen of the World."

The Cruise of the "Quartette." By W. E. SINCLAIR. *Arnold.* 12s. 6d.

The "Quartette" that gives its title to this amusing book, was a Brixham-built Ramsgate trawler, 60ft. in length (55ft. W.L.) with 16ft. beam and 7ft. 10in. draft. The story of its purchase and refitting for a voyage down the west coast of Africa and thence across the Atlantic to Rio and then north to Trinidad, is told with a detail that will delight yachtsmen and with a dry humour that will delight everyone. Mr. Sinclair's wit is as salt as the sea he sailed and as exhilarating. He spares neither himself nor the three friends who sailed with him, nor his "ship," nor the places they touched at, nor the people they met. Yet underneath the mocking and sometimes acid comment, there lurks a gusto of real enjoyment that no luxury cruise could ever impart, and one feels at last that had they been able to stand upright in the cabin, or had freed the "Quartette" of the wood-lice that haunted it, that if indeed they had missed any of the discomforts of the voyage, the whole thing would have been a washout. Owing to Mr. Sinclair's foresight, the cruise was a fair-weather one throughout, and it was one of life's little ironies that the "Quartette" only sailed really well in a gale. The descriptions of the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, of West Africa, Ascension Island, Rio, Georgetown, and Trinidad, are as little flattering as may be, and add to the attraction of an unusually entertaining book.

Scottish Empire. By ANDREW DEWAR GIBB. *Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.

There appears to be a growing opinion among thoughtful and patriotic Scots that in the Union Scotland sold her birthright for a mess of pottage. This opinion finds sober and considered expression in Professor Gibb's study of the part played by Scots in the development of the Empire. In the stories of Canada, Africa, India, Australia and New Zealand, Scottish names abound, and Professor Gibb claims nothing for the men whose fame he recites, or whose right to fame withheld he champions, that any Englishman could or would deny. He writes throughout without acrimony, he makes no extravagant or invidious comparisons, but always there is implicit in his narrative, the pity that the work of the Scottish Empire-Builder has gone not to the magnification of Scotland, but to that of Britain, and "Britain" in the eye and the ear of the world is but a synonym for England. Illustrating his argument he cites the fact that nowhere throughout the Empire has Scottish law been established, even though in places it would have harmonised better with local customs. Pleasant as historical biography, the study is also a shrewd scrutiny of the Scottish mind and character.

The Last Adventurers. By JEROME WILLIS. *Hurst and Blackett.* 15s.

The last adventurers whom Mr. Willis so knowledgeably celebrates are the ocean trawlermen of Hull and Grimsby, whose fishing grounds are in the Arctic from the east coast of Greenland to the White Sea, whose place of call is Tromso, the most northernly of European towns, whose voyages are for weeks on end in trawlers built to withstand great seas, and whose perils are snow and fog, and the rock-bound coasts of Norway and Iceland. Mr. Willis has gone trawling with them on a winter cruise, and he writes of the men and their work at first hand. In a series of sketches he describes the hardness of their lives, and of the perils they continually face in their pursuit of the fish as this ground or the other has become exhausted. On board there is strict discipline withour class distinction—there seems to be here a lesson for those who would democratise the fighting services—and skipper and cook know and address each other by their nicknames. Mr. Willis brings the life he describes very near to us, and shows us in the men who live it true descendants of those Vikings in whose fjords they occasionally and surreptitiously fish.

Wilderness Wanderers: Adventures Among Wild Animals in Rocky Mountain Solitudes. By WENDELL and LUCIE CHAPMAN. *Scribner.* 12s. 6d.

From their University days—they met first as students enjoying a five-day camping trip—Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have spent all their holidays in the wilds; and during all his working years in an investment bank Mr. Chapman looked forward to the competence that would set them free. In this delightful book they tell us of their first year of freedom spent in the Rockies. Here is observation at its best, and renewed evidence that the creatures of the wild are swift to recognise friendliness and respond to it. Mr. Chapman's photographs alone would demonstrate this, for among them are "close ups" of the shyest of creatures, as clear in definition as they are natural in posture and background; the weasel in ermine attire and the snow-shoe rabbit are particularly vivid. Big game, too, has fallen to the camera. A grizzly in camp; big-horn sheep in the mating season fighting for the ewes; a bison, full face; an elk with sun shining on him; new-born antelope kids so protectively coloured that they are almost invisible on the bare ground; and so one might go on. And if the photographs charm, the letterpress is more charming still, till at last we see the whole fauna of the Rockies, from bears to beavers, from elk to chipmunks, as the friends of these wanderers who have intruded upon their haunts.

Week-end Competitions

No. 376

Set by Maurice Richardson

The late Dr. Eder, a well-known psychoanalyst, was the author of the following dictum about the human race which is generally acknowledged as the low-water mark of pessimism: "We are born mad. We acquire morality and become stupid and unhappy. Then we die." We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for attempts at even deeper pessimism.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 4th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 374

Set by Allan M. Laing

Probably the shortest well-known poem in the English language is Mr. W. N. Ewer's

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews.

This statement of opinion has always seemed to me to call for reply or at least for comment. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are therefore offered for the best of such replies or comments expressed in a similar concise and epigrammatic form.

Report by Allan M. Laing

Well over two hundred competitors tried conclusions with Mr. Ewer, few of them confining their enthusiasm to a single entry, and one record-breaker sending in twenty-one. And this in spite of the fact that (according to several readers) the competition was entirely superfluous, Mr. Denis Browne having solved the problem once and for all, in a late edition of "The Week End Book," with his: "But not so odd as those who choose a Jewish God, and spurn the Jews." I admit that, owing to my eagerness in buying an early edition of "The Week End

Book," I had missed Mr. Browne's inspired effort; but competitors will note that he takes exactly twice as many syllables as Mr. Ewer to get his effect.

Another "classic" reply I had not heard of is the Cambridge verse: "Oh no, it's not: He knows what's what." This, however, does not impress me quite as much as it does the dozen readers who sent it in (five of them without any acknowledgment)...

For the rest, although many of the verses contributed were dignified, amusing, mordant or ingenious, none of them caught the note of simple and delightful inevitability which makes the pattern verse unique. Mr. Upward's "And not to 'spot' the purer Führer" was good, but its point is (I hope) ephemeral. I liked N. Fraser's "Tut tut, 'twas but to shock Belloc"; and Little Billee sent seven amusing verses, including: "Wake up, Jacob! We're oddly Godly!" A great deal of play was made with the name of Ewer; for example: "God's line, be sure's not mine nor Ewer's (A. J.). Redling and others rhymed "Nary an" and "Aryan," noses were appropriately prominent, and there was a bewildering variety of excuse for God's choice. A. Caldwell put it down to His "lacking financial backing," and Paul Espinasse to His weakness for picking winners. I was agreeably surprised to miss the note of obscene invective which I was afraid this subject would strike from the bosoms of anti-Semites. All the verses submitted were, in this respect, printable. I was glad to learn, too, in the words of a competitor, that "These low bons mots amuse the Jews" (G. Ellenbogen) as they certainly do the Gentiles.

The prizes, in my view, should be shared equally by Susan (Peterborough); H. H.; and Mrs. Alice Herbert, whose entries represent the neatest summing-up of each of three very general points of view.

Were we,
Maybe,
Too odd
For God?

SUSAN

Why odd
Of God?
His Son
Was one.

H. H.

Is the clue
To the whim
That the Jew
Chose Him?

ALICE HERBERT

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 230.—THE UNIVERSITY OF UTOPIA

By A. G. Stripp

In the Inter-Faculty Association Football Championship of the University of Utopia, each team played each other team once; and (as usual) 2 points were awarded for a win and 1 for a draw. If at the end of the season two teams had scored the same number of points, goal average was taken into account in settling their positions; and goal average, of course, means the ratio of the number of goals scored by any particular team to the number of goals scored against it.

Curiously enough, each of the six teams scored in every match, and each team scored 10 goals in all. As it happened, no two teams had their 10 goals distributed among their five matches in the same way.

The highest number of goals in a match was scored by Arts; in the same game Laws scored 2 goals. Engineering's highest score was against Medicine; their lowest score was against Laws. Laws beat Economics, and scored 4 goals against Medicine. Economics' highest score was against Engineering; they beat Medicine and drew with Science. Medicine beat Science, and scored 4 goals against Arts. Science scored their winning goal against Arts just on time.

Who won the Championship?

PROBLEM 228.—Caliban is out of town this week and his analysis of this problem is held over.

PROBLEM 227.—NUMBERWELL

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: P. Nichols, 48 Church Way, Whetstone, N.20. *Five* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

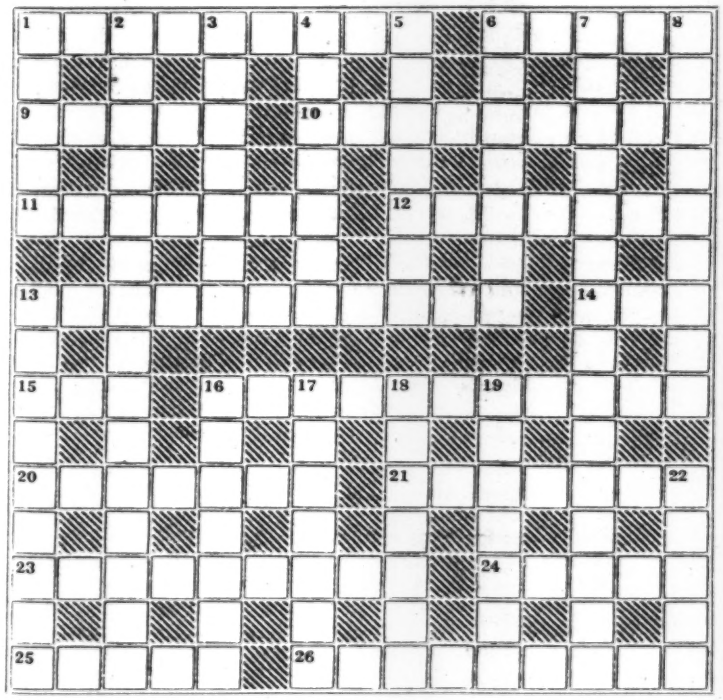
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 377

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S

The last week's winner is
Miss C. E. Lowe, General Infirmary, Burton-on-Trent

ACROSS

1. Military description of a month that lags.
6. Plots that sound spectacular.
9. You can see the ruin after tea.
10. He was a dickens of a fellow, not only in his own estimation.
11. T.T. in dressy style.
12. Opposite of in-arch perhaps.
13. This instrument would not reproduce low notes of course.
14. Medicine for The Squeaker.
15. Comfortably takes the ace.
16. The Boy David had the same producer as 10.
20. Follows an initial designation as a rule.
21. They may be serviceably joined.
23. They help to keep young limbs.
24. He's always agin a government.
25. Ring round a penny.
26. Ass and ram upset with hay.

DOWN

1. Sat down next to the editor.
2. An ungrammatical acquaintance of literary note.
3. Do these explain the torn clothes that are returned from the laundry?
4. A prize indication possibly.
5. One might sleep in it on a branch line in summer.
6. Stew in one's own juice as it were.
7. What one figures on exchange.
8. Closed the throttle, with fatal result.
13. Subject of a searching parable.
16. Risk a pound in church.
17. Urgent squeezes.
18. Reasons for one's un-doing.
19. Point on which the purchase depends.
22. Her nephews and nieces are very shy of her, so to speak.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	P	E	E	D	■	C	O	L	D	C	R	E	A	M
T	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	H	■	F	■	U
E	N	G	A	G	E	D	■	G	L	E	E	F	U	L
A	■	I	■	K	■	E	■	A	■	F	■	E	■	E
M	O	N	K	E	Y	N	U	T	S	■	A	N	T	S
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

THE CHANCELLOR'S LEGACY—TREASURY UNCERTAINTIES—CHINESE BONDS—THE "HOUSE"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has left his successor at the Exchequer an unenviable task. Sir John Simon will have to pilot through Committee a Finance Bill which has raised among industrialists and in the City a storm of protest exceeding even that occasioned by N.D.C.'s first appearance in the Budget. Like the child first confronted by the giraffe, the City on Budget Day, for all its dismayed consternation, was inclined to console itself by saying that the animal "wasn't true." To-day it has to admit that the creature *is* true. The Chancellor has made good his promise to modify the rigidity of his initial plan. There are concessions; but only in minor detail. The base period for compiling standard profits is to be any three out of the four years 1933–36, instead of the average of 1933–35. Where the capital standard is adopted, a Board of Referees will have power to recommend statutory percentages in excess of 6 per cent—E.P.D. scales to apply provisionally—in cases where "exceptional" risk, wastage of assets or deferment of return on capital sunk can be proved. New enterprises can claim an additional 2 per cent. non-taxable percentage on capital, and the graduation of the tax is slightly scaled down. Concerns which wrote down their assets during the depression may also reinstate them at original cost, less depreciation, for the purpose of computing "capital." Mr. Chamberlain has to a certain extent tempered the wind. But he has not satisfied the City, nor has he even eliminated the levy's anomalies and inequities.

* * *

Companies whose operations in the sheltered home market resulted in high earnings during 1934–36 will escape. Exporting concerns and "commodity" enterprises, in whose case profits in 1934–35 were desperately sub-normal, will have to shoulder the burden. The company with large loan capital will be penalised in comparison with the competitor which financed itself by issues of shares. The company operating and registered abroad will go scot-free; its rival in the same line of business, but with offices registered in London, will be taxed. Sums spent on purchasing goodwill for cash may be counted as capital; amounts provided out of revenue for building it up may not, nor may shares allotted for a goodwill consideration. There is still no provision for carrying forward deficiencies below "standard" during the base period. Only 6 per cent. profit will be allowed on new extensions and developments. The "zonal" graduation of the scale of the tax still means that some 35,000 costly computations of capital will have to be made annually. There will be protracted and expensive appeals to the Referees. In so far as E.P.D. precedents—inappropriate mostly to present conditions—are followed, the needs of plantation and metal-producing concerns will be quite inadequately met; and, until the variable percentages for different sections of industry adopting the capital standard have been finally settled (it may be years ahead) no company will know whether that or the profits standard will suit it best. Over every estimation of distributable earnings there will hang a cloud of uncertainty.

* * *

Small wonder if, from the City's standpoint, the tax is regarded as spelling a long interregnum in speculative and investment activity. A knowledgeable broker observed to DIVES: "I had anticipated a fortnight's holiday in August; I have now rented a country cottage for three months." But however few the tears one may be prepared to shed over the City's woes, there is another aspect of the situation of more general public interest. Psychologically, Mr. Chamberlain has killed the Cock Robin of the stock market boom stone dead. He will lose in revenue from Stamps, and he may well prove to have shorn off the peak of economic recovery. In addition, he has committed the Treasury to a tax which involves, so soon as profits slump, quite unpredictable refunds. The obscurity surrounding Budgets a few years ahead is thickened. At the moment, balance of a sort is precariously maintained on the assumption that money will remain cheap during the whole period of re-armament financing and that revenue from profits will expand. Suppose interest rates rise—and the Leeds loan at practically 3½ per cent. is something of a portent—the whole budgetary outlook is altered. In 1944–49 there will be £300 millions of maturing debt (including the first *tranche* of the Defence Loan) to refinance, and there are a further £300 millions of Defence borrowings to be placed. He would be a bold man who reckoned on the continuance until 1949 either of prosperity or cheap money. The idea that we can take the cost of re-armament in our stride is a fallacy; and the "backlash" of N.D.C. may yet give the Treasury anxious nights.

* * *

It speaks well for the Chinese Finance Minister, Dr. Kung, that shrewd investors are still exchanging from Japanese Government bonds to Chinese in spite of the lower yields obtained on the latter. Dr. Kung would no doubt give full credit to the Leith-Ross mission for the restoration of Chinese Government credit, and it is not without significance that Sir Frederick's two assistants—one a Treasury and the other a Bank of England official—have stayed on in Shanghai. It may be recalled that satisfactory schemes for the resumption of the service on the defaulted railway loans and Treasury bonds were arranged in August, 1936, and in April, 1937, respectively, while in January last dealings on the London Stock Exchange were authorised in the new 6 per cent. Shanghai-Hangchow-Ningpo Railway Completion Loan of 1936, which is now quoted at 95 to yield £6 6*s*. 3*d*. per cent. The conservative investor, however, still prefers the loans secured on the Maritime Customs which, in spite of constant smuggling in the north, yielded in 1936 $324,583,291 (Chinese dollars)—sufficient to cover the service of the loans four times.

Chinese Customs Loans.	Final date of Redemption.	Price.	Flat Yield %.	Red. Yield %.
4½%, 1898	Mar., 1943	103	£4 8 0	£4 2 5
5% Boxer, 1925/47 ..	Jan., 1948	103	£4 19 6	£4 18 3
5% Reorganisation Loan, 1913	1960	99	£5 2 6	£5 5 0

Interest and amortisation of these loans have always been punctually met—thanks to the foreign supervision. Next rank the Salt Tax loans—the 4½ per cent. of 1908, which will be finally paid off in October, 1938, and the 5 per cent. ("Crisp") loan of 1912, which is up to date in interest payments but four years in arrears on drawings. Double drawings are now being made

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on the latter, so that the sinking fund will be up to date in September, 1940.

Salt Tax Loans.	Final date of Redemption.	Price.	Flat Yield %.	Red. Yield %.
4½%, 1908 ..	Oct., 1938	100	£4 10 0	£4 10 0
5%, 1912.. ..	Sept., 1952	91	£5 11 0	Over £6

The net receipts of the Salt Gabelle in 1936 amounted to $205 millions (Chinese dollars), sufficient to cover the reduced service of all the "Salt" loans (including 5 per cent. Hukuang Railway and the 8 per cent. Vickers and Marconi Notes) thirteen times. (The collection of the Salt Tax is not under foreign supervision.) Chinese loans are, of course, not without their political risks, but what is frightening investors out of Japanese Government loans yielding 6½ per cent. or more is the increasing budgetary deficits, the continued rise in internal prices and the strain on the yen. And I would not call Japan a stable country socially.

* * *

It is a pity that more instructive information about the Stock Exchange is not put before the investing public. Every member knows that his "House" publicity is incredibly bad, but not a protest is heard. The so-called "Advertisement" Committee held two meetings in the year, "considered *the* (sic) advertisement in the public press for 1937, and after reviewing various aspects of the question decided not to recommend any material alteration." This presumably refers to the miserable advertisement "Brokers are not allowed to advertise," which drives so many ignorant small investors into the arms of outside brokers. There are now 4,086 members of the Stock Exchange and, counting authorised and unauthorised clerks, the total "on the floor of the House" is 6,327. Nothing like this total could, of course, be accommodated on the floor at one time, but the figures serve to direct attention to the fact that there are many parasitic small jobbers, who have not the capital to make a book on their own account, and equally many parasitic brokers living on the business of their relations and speculative friends, who perform no useful service to the country and ought not to be members of a responsible Stock Exchange. But can reform of the Stock Exchange "from within" ever be expected?

A SAFEGUARD AGAINST SLUMPS

In the eight days after the Budget the Financial News Index of industrial ordinary shares fell from 118 to 110·9, a decline of 6·0%. In the same period the four portfolios of the British Industries Fixed Trusts fell respectively by 3d. (1·1%) 6d. (2·5%) 6d. (2·3%) and 6d. (2·4%).

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CVS—7C

Company Meeting

ODHAMS PRESS

THE Seventeenth Annual Meeting of Odhams Press, Limited, was held on May 20th at the Connaught Rooms, London.

Mr. J. S. Elias (chairman and managing director) said that the profit for the year amounted to £351,553, as compared with £349,403 for the previous year. The general reserve of £450,000 showed an increase of £65,000, and it was proposed to increase it to £500,000. Increased provision to the extent of nearly £20,000 had been made for income-tax and a full year's guaranteed Preference dividend of Odhams (Watford), Limited, in which they held all the Ordinary shares.

In view of the fact that the *Daily Herald* was now so thoroughly established in regard to both sales—which, in spite of intense opposition, had remained at over 2,000,000 copies per day for more than 3½ years—and advertising revenue, which continued steadily and substantially to increase, it was proposed to consolidate a considerable part of the balance due by that company into Debenture stock, and arrangements were in hand with that object.

With regard to Odhams (Watford), Limited, while there had been some delay in the completion of the building, the section of the factory as originally planned was now completed and had commenced production. That company had acquired the sole rights for Great Britain of the Speedry Gravure Process, which enabled photogravure colour printing to be done at speeds much in excess of those hitherto obtainable. It had already been found necessary to increase the original plans and to build and equip a considerable extension to the factory.

Through their associated company Odhams' Properties, Limited, a new building was in course of erection on the eastern side of Endell Street for the purpose of increasing the company's capacity. The shareholders would be glad to know that their company had been entrusted with the entire production and publication of the Official Coronation Programme.

Shareholders would have, no doubt, noticed recent references in the Press to the newsprint situation. Looking ahead, it was his belief that newsprint would continue to be available in the future at commercial prices fair both to the manufacturer and to the consumer.

The directors recommended a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, of which 5 per cent. had been paid.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a resolution was passed congratulating the chairman on the honour of a peerage which had been conferred upon him.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2, Sunday, May 30th, at 11, PROF. SAMSON WRIGHT: "THE PRESENT SITUATION IN PALESTINE." 7.0, MRS. VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "MAN AND WOMAN."

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: REV. MAGNUS RATTER. Subject: "GOD ON THE CRICKET GROUND."

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FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards world religion and world brotherhood. Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m., at Lindsey Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.8. Leader: REV. WILL HAYES. May 30th: "ENGLISH RELIGIOUS DRAMA."

DEBATE. DR. ED. CONZE *v.* E. HARDY (S.P.G.B.): SHOULD SOCIALISTS JOIN THE LABOUR PARTY. Essex Hall, Monday, June 7th, 8 o'clock. Free.

LECTURE SOCIAL. Monday, May 31st, at 8 p.m. DR. E. LEDERMANN: "THE SCIENCE OF CHARACTER." Youth House Club, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. GUL 5189.

MR. HENNIKER-HEATON on "PSYCHOLOGY AND YOU." London House of Citizenship (Miss Neville-Rolfe, B.A. Oxon.), 5 Bramham Gardens, S.W.5. Mondays, 11 a.m. Flax. 6232.

CONFERENCES, ETC.

NATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS, 28th–31st May, at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. "The Government's Rearmament Plans," "Air Raid Precautions," "Peace and Economic Policy," etc.

Open sessions: Friday, 28th, at 11.45, 2.15, 5.15 and 8.15. Saturday, 29th, at 10 a.m.

Speakers: Lord Lothian, Lord Allen, Graham Hutton, Sir Arthur Salter, Prof. Norman Bentwich, the Bishop of Birmingham, and others.

Meetings of Commissions: Saturday, 29th, at 2.15; EDUCATION, TRADE UNIONS, CO-OPERATORS, SCIENCE AND MEDICINE, CHURCHES, YOUTH. Speakers: C. E. M. Joad, Rev. Henry Carter, Prof. J. R. Marrack, S. F. Perry, and others.

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